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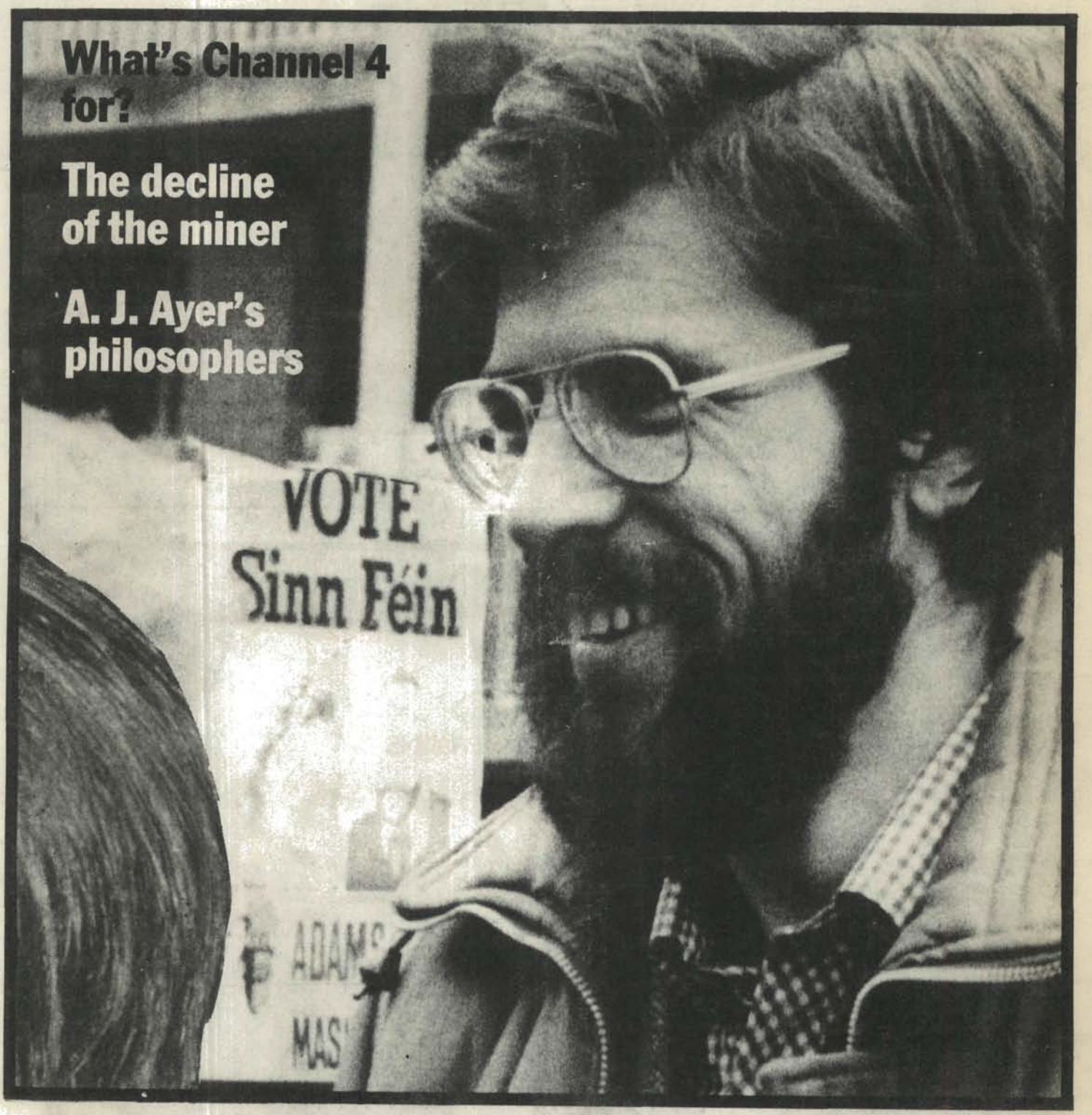

BULLET OR BALLOT?

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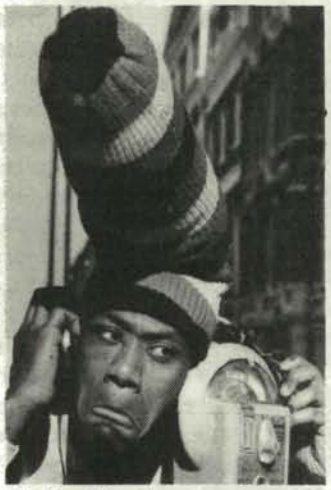

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God's Worried

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New Statesman Vol 104 No 2694 5 November 1982

Police violence

SENIOR POLICEMEN and local Conservative politicians are predictably crowing over the outcome of south London's Second Battle of Railton Road. It is being claimed as a justification for the new policing tactics developed since Brixton burned for the first time in the summer of 1981. The local Chief Superintendent is now putting about the irresponsible assertion that the troubles were the fault of three white 'anarchists'. It is a disgraceful statement for a policeman to make in public. If he has evidence, he should do something about it. If he has not – which seems far more likely in the circumstances – he has no right to make such deliberately tendentious statements.

The reality of what happened in Railton Road between dawn and late evening on Monday was quite different. The reality is that the kind of 'community policing' which Lord Scarman strongly advocated in his report after last year's Brixton riots – and in which much time and energy had been spent with considerable success in recent months in Brixton – is wholly incompatible with the deployment of large numbers of anonymous storm troopers, wearing fireproof overalls without identifying numbers, and helmets with visors, on the available evidence drawn mostly from outside the borough.

This week's Brixton incident, however, raises far wider questions about police accountability. The most important centres on responsibility for deciding to provoke the Railton Road incident in that form and at that time. The facts of Railton Road have been known for months.

It is a fact that tension has been high all summer, while the schools were closed and half the black youth population of the area is unemployed. It is a fact that young people have been hanging about in the streets with nothing better to do for a year. Except in bad weather, up to a hundred mainly black, mainly young people have been hanging around a group of dilapidated houses in what has come to be known as the 'Front Line'. The houses are at the end of the stretch of Railton Road that was destroyed in last year's riots. It is a fact that on and around these premises 'problem activities' – prostitution, unlicensed drinking, gambling and the sale of marijuana – have been taking place. It is a fact that the police have been extremely nervous since last year of making arrests even in the face of strong *prima facie* evidence of lawbreaking, for fear of provoking outbreaks of violence which would inevitably be laced with racial overtones. It is a fact that reported muggings and burglary put Brixton to the top of the British league table of crime statistics.

But all of this has been common knowledge for months. What it adds up to is the fact that Brixton, for a variety of historical and social reasons, has an intense economic and social problem. (That incidentally is what you would expect in an area where any [black] young person leaving school knows that there is in effect no hope of employment, because black youth unemployment in the area has already almost doubled in the last 18 months.)

POST-SCARMAN it seemed that a collective decision had been in some way taken that this explosive social problem would be handled not by saturation policing alone but by a more gradualist approach, based on re-establishing some kind of trust between the police, the local authority and the local residents. This effort centred on a unique institution for a unique problem – a police-community liaison group for Lambeth – with its 45 members drawn from local councillors, MPs, police, tenants associations, the local Chamber of Commerce, the churches and black organisations.

It was under the umbrella of this organisation that steady progress was being made to tackle an extremely intractable problem. The problems are not ones which are likely to disappear overnight. During this year, the group has been considering a report on policing problems in Lambeth, prepared by Commander Fairbairn, head of the Metropolitan Police's 'L' Division which covers Brixton. Its conclusion was that the central problem was to deal with a hardcore of organised crime, without impinging on the rights and freedoms of the law-abiding majority and while retaining the general support of the community.

Now someone somewhere suddenly took a decision that gradualism was no longer enough for Railton Road. The evidence is conflicting, but the weight of it at the moment is that the initiative came from the police at a high level. A different council in Lambeth might have resisted far more strongly the heavy police pressure to re-possess the Railton Road houses violently from squatters and then to demolish them. But the clear impression is that the initiative came from the police and not from the new Tory council.

To evict and repossess may be legal, but it clearly invites a reaction. The strong impression that at a high level the police were looking for someone to test the training of the new Instant Response unit. The decision to enforce orders and to bulldoze could have been taken at any time for many months.

Its timing was, therefore, deliberate. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that it was far more concerned with restoration of police authority on the streets of Lambeth than with making an advance towards a solution to the problems of Brixton. This impression was reinforced by the refusal of the police even to give the police community liaison group details of the number of police deployed in the operation.

After Lord Scarman's report last year there was for a brief moment a more general understanding that law enforcement and the improvement of social conditions must walk in step, if there is to be any chance of improving the situation in areas like Brixton. Since then, on the positive side, precisely nothing had been done. Unemployment and social prospects are both worse now than they were a year ago. If the Home Secretary ordered this week's action in Brixton, he should stand up and claim responsibility. If he did not, it is a scandal that the police on their own authority and without admitting political responsibility to any elected body, decided to bring organised violence back onto the streets of Brixton. Dawn raids and bulldozing may catch headlines and earn promotion. As the *only* ingredient in a policy for Brixton they are crass. Railton Road is one more conclusive argument that the police must be made directly accountable to a democratically based police authority. □

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Deadly hazard in Cardiff suburb

WORK ON nuclear weapons at the Royal Ordnance Factory (ROF) in Cardiff is exposing employees, and quite possibly people living nearby in the suburb of Llanishen, to the risk of serious respiratory disease and cancer through the use of the metal beryllium.

Last month, the Ministry of Defence admitted that beryllium is used at the factory which makes parts for nuclear weapons. According to one report from inside the plant, half the workforce is involved in nuclear-related production for Polaris, battle field weapons and Trident. ROF Llanishen is apparently competing with ROF Burghfield and Aldermaston for the production work in Trident – despite the, unenforceable, declaration by Cardiff council that the area is a nuclear-free zone.

Compounds of beryllium were the first non-radioactive chemicals found to cause bone cancer in animals. In evidence to the US Department of Labor in 1977, the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health stated: 'Probably no compounds known to man have so consistent a carcinogenic response in so many animal species as do the compounds of beryllium.'

Beryllium has several possible uses in a bomb. Combined with an alpha emitter like uranium or plutonium, it provides the neutrons needed to start and feed the chain reaction. It can be used as a 'moderator', slowing down the free neutrons to make the reaction efficient and continuous. And beryllium is also a good reflector because it does not absorb neutrons, instead pushing them back into the reaction. However, its extreme toxicity has meant it is no longer used as a moderator in civil nuclear reactors.

The evidence for its toxicity in some forms is overwhelming. It was used to coat the inside of early fluorescent lamps but was abandoned after research showed the hazards of working with beryllium or living near plants using it. In 1959, 20 cases of chronic beryllium disease (berylliosis) were examined in the USA. Ten had been exposed to polluted air from a nearby factory and ten had been in contact with clothing contaminated with the metal.

Writing in 1978, Kimon Constantinidis of the Pneumoconiosis Unit at Llandough hospital near Cardiff, said: 'Control measures must be practised in all beryllium processes and prevention of the disease must be focused on the necessity to avoid inhalation or skin contact. Manual handling must be avoided wherever possible.' However, doctors at the accident unit of Cardiff Royal Infirmary have treated several workers from the Royal Ordnance Factory with cuts to the hands after working with beryllium. The literature suggests that such wounds may never heal. The most likely cause of such cuts is the machining of beryllium. In other industrial uses – such as precious metal refining, and the manufacture of calculators and x-ray tubes – only minute amounts of powdered beryllium are used.

Constantinidis also states: 'The neighbourhood cases of beryllium disease are of particular importance and they bear a close resemblance to the mesotheliomas developing after several years in people living in the vicinity of asbestos factories and in women undusting the asbestos contaminated overalls of their husbands.' Although Constantinidis does not mention cancer, recent studies have found a significantly higher mortality rate from lung cancer among workers exposed to beryllium.

Reliable evidence from inside the ROF suggests that protective clothing is not always worn and the people of Llanishen have been given no official indication that living near the factory puts them in any danger. Beryllium levels in the ROF are checked, but nothing is known about chimney omissions.

Local doctors are unlikely to be acquainted with berylliosis or the risks of cancer associated with the metal. The symptoms might easily be mistaken for those of TB or sarcoidosis – but these produce only a small percentage of fatal cases, while the outlook for berylliosis sufferers is poor.

Perhaps the MoD, in its pursuit of its nuclear weapons programme, shares the feelings of the *Lancet*, which pushed aside doubts about the safety of beryllium in 1951, saying: 'To charge such as admirable metal with having poisonous properties is about as distasteful as accusing a trusted butler of stealing the family plate.'

James Stewart and Alex Farrow

Prior's sweet music

AS WE GO to press the Irish electorate is facing the possibility of its third general election within 18 months. It is impossible to see, barring miracles, how the minority government of Mr Charles Haughey can muster enough votes to win this week's motion of confidence, put down by the Irish Premier himself as a pre-emptive strike against his opponents.

Ironically, Mr Haughey seems certain to fall on the same issue which brought down his predecessor, Garrett Fitzgerald, eight months ago. The independent deputies who hold the balance of power have made it clear that they will not vote for tough economic measures, including drastic cuts in spending on health and education.

If there is an election very few people will be betting on Mr Haughey's return to power. The most recent public opinion polls give a clear majority in favour of a coalition government led by Dr Garrett Fitzgerald. This will be sweet music to the ears of Mr James Prior, struggling to get his new assembly off the ground in Belfast. He has always maintained that his best hope of shifting the Catholic SDLP representatives from their present position of boycotting the assembly would be a dramatic improvement in relations between Dublin and London. He has made no secret of the fact that this would be very much easier to achieve if Dr Fitzgerald were in power in the South.

Mary Holland

Daily Mail

Policemen modelling their attractive new uniforms – Couturier: NATO.

The Railton Response Unit

NO FORMAL consultations took place between Brixton police and the Lambeth Police Liaison Committee on the use this week of Immediate Response Units in the 'Front Line' area of Railton Road, even though trouble had been anticipated long in advance. Instead, the Committee had held 'endless discussions' on the Special Patrol Group, who were not much in evidence on Monday.

Consultations under the auspices of the Liaison Committee had been going on since last July over the relocation of the social and community activities organised in several houses in Railton Road. The Council's difficulty in finding any acceptable new accommodation had meant that the eviction date had been postponed from the end of last August to the end of October. But those using the three houses were not told of the exact time and date of the eviction, which took place last Monday at dawn.

Although both police and council therefore both clearly anticipated renewed friction in the area, Scotland Yard says the decision to call in the Immediate Response Units was only made on Monday afternoon after a protest demonstration of young black youth in the area had become violent. One target of their anger was Courtney Laws, the older black community leader who now appears to have lost the trust of the Front Line youth.

Another community spokesman, Calvin Massam of the Afro-Caribbean Association, angrily attacked police and Council at a crowded meeting of the Police Liaison Committee on Tuesday night for their failure to consult him over the eviction and police operation. The police simply wanted to try out their new equipment, he claimed.

The essential difference between the SPG and the IRU is that the former is a centrally run unit with crime prevention duties. IRU, by contrast, deals simply with disturbances and is run by police divisions. There are two IRUs in each division, each with ten men.

Although Commander Fairbairn is officially bound to report to the Liaison Committee on operational decisions, he at first refused to tell the meeting exactly how many police were used on Monday evening, or where they came from. However, among the divisions which provided IRUs were Wandsworth (W), Lewisham (P), Waltham Forest (J) Greenwich (R) and Barnet (S). Commander Fairbairn did not explain why many of the officers had no numbers on their black boilersuits. In their visored helmets, they were quite unidentifiable.

Scotland Yard claimed the police action was a 'great operational success' as the 'minor skirmishes' had not spread. However, one activist from Railton Road says the local youth are simply learning new responses to the fast-moving dispersal tactics of the IRUs.

Sarah Benton

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GCHQ's lost secrets

GOVERNMENT Communications Headquarters (GCHQ), the electronic spy agency at the centre of the continuing security row, has covered up the loss of many top secret documents from an intelligence station specially built to spy on the Chinese space and missile programme. According to GCHQ staff who have been in touch with the *New Statesman*, the documents – prominently marked TOP SECRET UMBRA – disappeared from the Stanley Fort Satellite Station in Hong Kong almost two years ago.

Further loss of information from GCHQ is bound to aggravate intelligence relations between Britain and the United States. The US has already asked for an account of the alleged spying activities of Geoffrey Prime, who stands trial at the Old Bailey later this month. The Stanley Fort station and related facilities are 'relied on' by the United States 'for national intelligence purposes', according to another document marked TOP SECRET UMBRA (obtained this time by the *New Statesman*) an assessment of intelligence activities in Asia and the Pacific prepared by the Australian Joint Intelligence Organisation. The report identifies the most critical spying priority of the joint Australian/British station in Hong Kong as: 'Chinese nuclear, advanced weapon and space-testing activities.'

The satellite station at Stanley Fort was built by GCHQ in 1977, with substantial help from the Royal Air Force. Because it is so close to the Chinese mainland, it can monitor the signals of Chinese satellites and space vehicles when they communicate with their controlling stations on the ground in China.

According to people inside GCHQ, the loss of a 'a whole book full of top secret documents' was blamed on a monitoring supervisor. An RAF tribunal found him guilty of negligence but failed to discover where the documents had gone. But GCHQ's security division decided not to take disciplinary action, in order to avoid any consequent publicity about the loss of the documents.

Seven months before the documents were lost, corruption and espionage at the station had been the focus of a well-publicised row, after an inquiry by the *New Statesman* and the *Daily Mirror* (*NS* 23 May 1980). The government claimed then that the allegations were trivial but that 'such minor (security) improvements as seemed to be called for were put into effect'.

The loss of the book of Top Secret documents was in fact the second loss, and the third serious security breach in Hong Kong during 1980. Other secret documents had already been lost by another supervisor and in an unrelated incident a third monitoring supervisor was arrested on the base after giving a false name to security police when challenged. He had left his post monitoring Chinese signals to go to a party, returning later, very drunk.

The implications of GCHQ's continuing inability to keep its secrets intact will rebound in the United States, where NSA officials have 'made a convincing case concerning the value of the Hong Kong operation' both to GCHQ and its Australian partner, DSD. The marking applied to the documents, 'UMBRA', meant by international agreement that they contained special intelligence from monitoring operations. Even an ordinary Top Secret clearance does not allow civil or military officials to see such sensitive 'codeword' material. According to another, ex-GCHQ official the lost Stanley Fort documents contained details of how to pick up, follow, and understand radio signals from Chinese satellites and rockets.

Armed with such information the Chinese, or other target countries could change their codes and frequencies. Such an event – immensely damaging to the GCHQ or NSA monitoring capacity – occurred in 1973, when two Taiwanese linguists defected to China from the Hong Kong station. Shortly afterwards, communications at the Lop Nor nuclear test site which had been intercepted in Hong Kong were rerouted by cables.

The Foreign Office says that it will not comment on any stories about leaks at GCHQ. But one ex-government intelligence official was willing to explain why the secrets haemorrhage from GCHQ goes on:

> Other agencies produce only a handful of digested reports. But GCHQ's daily reports come by the sackful . . . I've seen the communications officer just tip them out all over the floor . . . there's no way you can keep track of every Top Secret bit of paper in such a mountain.

Duncan Campbell

MISCELLANY

Left on show

About 1700 people made their way to Queen Mary College, London, last weekend for the Moving Left Show, organised by *Marxism Today*, the 'theoretical' magazine of the Communist Party. Reflecting *Marxism Today*'s aggressively non-sectarian spirit, the event attracted participants not usually associated with left-wing gatherings, such as Anna Ford (from breakfast television), Peter Jenkins (from the *Guardian*) and David Putnam (producer of *Chariots of Fire*). There were discussions on an extraordinary range of subjects, including films, feminism, eroticism, comedy, trade union democracy, language, Ireland, the Falklands, the media and – probably the most intriguingly titled session of all – 'boyfriends and all that'. An evening cabaret was provided by those who are usually the targets of stand-up comics.

The organisers of the Moving Left Show are delighted by its success. 'The predominant ethos of the weekend was that it was extremely open-minded and non-sectarian,' says Martin Jacques, editor of *Marxism Today*. 'It emphasised that culture is important as well as politics, and that people outside the Left are important to the development of the Left.'

New Plaid rules

The Left wing in Plaid Cymru consolidated their position at last weekend's annual conference when they defeated the nationalist Old Guard on an important constitutional amendment. The aim of Plaid Cymru, thought the older nationalist wing, should simply be 'to secure self-government in Wales.' The socialists, who have for the last year been organised as the National Left, changed this to 'self-government for Wales through the establishment of a democratic socialist State.' Their argument is that Tory home rule would do no more for the Welsh than Tory Westminster rule – and that the Labour Party in Wales is now just a shell; its actual function is to provide the establishment for the administration of Wales. Although Plaid Cymru has not always been a socialist body it has, according to E. P. Thompson who spoke at a fringe meeting, been the most consistent of all political parties in its opposition to nuclear weapons.

Film over truth

At its first public showing, the Ministry of Defence's anti-CND film, *The Peace Game*, has found new admirers even among the pro-nuclear arms lobby who were hoping for something rather less embarrassingly hysterical. So unconfident was Armed Forces Minister, Peter Blaker, that he was clutching a script of what the questions and answers would be at the press conference. When genuinely critical, unscripted questions were asked, Mr Blaker announced his time was up. The history of the cold war, according to the Ministry of Defence, is that it was the USSR's first 'A' bomb test in 1949 which ended hopes of preventing the arms race. The previous US testing of five nuclear weapons apparently played no role at all. NATO, in MoD-speak, was a 'defensive' response to the USSR test. The fact that the Warsaw Pact was only formed some years later is not mentioned. The USA's refusal to ratify SALT II is due to their un-macho lack of enough nuclear weapons as the USSR won't 'negotiate seriously with military weaklings.' One other true fact MoD researchers failed to find out is that the *Peace Game* is also the title of another film by Peter Watkins – maker of the banned-in-perpetuity *War Game*.

Siege of London

Londoners who prefer to turn their backs on unemployment and other unpleasant facts like the rest of the country may be in for a rude reminder. The proposal to set up a 'tent city' of unemployed in London to campaign for jobs and peace was warmly supported by delegates to the North West TUC's People's Conventions on Jobs and Peace in Manchester last weekend. (Jobs and peace are linked because of the amount of work provided by the armaments industry). Among the proposals discussed by the Convention were plans for another People's March from Glasgow to London next year and the formation of 'broadly based' towns' committees to campaign on unemployment. Plans for the march already have support from the North West, South East and West Midland Regional TUCs. But 'tent cities' – which were set up in the 1930s – may prove more controversial. Having marched to London, the unemployed would stay there, under canvas, and force the legislators to take notice.

Steelyard Reds

Has Yorkshire, the home of English trade union militancy, been hit by a bout of 'I'm all Right Jackism'? In the miners' strike ballot the 60,000 strong Yorkshire NUM, relatively secure in their jobs, voted by 56 per cent in favour of industrial action. In the strike ballots of the previous two years the area returned majorities of 65 and 66 per cent. Within Yorkshire it has been Sheffield and steel that have been hit by the recession, as documented in the Sheffield Trades Council report, *The Second Slump*. The report admits that 'the trade union movement in the area has taken a hammering. 20,000 redundancies in two years has seriously weakened shop floor organisation; it has thrown many active union members on the dole; it has demoralised those left in work'. The Council has now organised a Day School on 13 November to discuss the unions' and communities' response to mass unemployment. It is at the Chaucer Adult Education Centre. Many local figures will be present including the President of the Yorkshire NUM.

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Defence of Asian youth

THIS FRIDAY, eight young Asians will appear before West Ham Magistrates to face charges ranging from threatening behaviour to inflicting actual bodily harm on police officers. Outside the court there will be not only a picket but a possible strike of school students in support of the defendants and their right to act in defence of their community.

The eight Asian youths were arrested on 24 September after a week in which Asian school children had faced racist violence on at least three separate occasions. On Friday 17 September a gang of about 15 white youths with sticks had invaded the playground of Little Ilford school. The head teacher Saul Ezra called the police and eventually one Asian was taken for questioning. The next Monday, at morning break, an Asian boy of eleven was so badly beaten up by youths from outside that he had to be taken to hospital. And on Wednesday 22 September, Asian boys going home from the football field encountered a gang of 60-70 white youths armed with sticks and iron bars. The police intervened only to order the Asians to disperse.

On 24 September, on learning, they claim, of another planned attack on Little Ilford school, 15 young Asians waited outside the school. The gang did not appear. The Asians claim that they then decided to check the surrounding streets to ensure the safety of the children. At this point a car with plainclothes policemen drew up. There was a fight followed by the

arrest of the young Asians. They were taken to Forest Gate police station where six of them were held till 1am before being charged. The seventh was held all night and the eighth, Kalbir Singh Khala, had to be taken to hospital and was not charged till 6 October.

The Asian community has reacted with outrage. Two public meetings over the arrests each attracted over 200 people and the Newham 8 Defence Committee has the support of a wide range of organisations and groups from the Sikh Gurdwara to the Indian Workers' Association. 'What people are angry about,' said Gautam Appa for the Defence Committee, 'is that not only are the police failing to defend us but that they seem determined to crush any attempt by the community to defend itself.'

Amrit Wilson

There will be a picket of West Ham Magistrates' Court, Stratford from 10am on 5 November.

Rekindling Scots' fire

PLANS FOR a new Scottish Socialist Society were laid at a meeting of 200 left-wing activists in Glasgow last weekend. The invitation-only meeting, which was organised by former members of the Scottish National Party expelled for belonging to the socialist 79 Group, set up a steering committee to draft the constitution for a cross-party forum to discuss an 'effective socialist response to Scottish problems'.

Four of the steering committee are members of the Labour Party, three are recently expelled from the SNP, one is a current SNP member and one is a member of the Communist Party. Only two of the committee are women. Stephen Maxwell, the convener of the steering committee and one of those expelled from the SNP, said that the society was a genuine attempt to establish a much-needed focus for debate among the Scottish Left. The meeting, which consisted of a slim majority of SNP supporters, had not discussed the SNP's 'rather sordid internal disputes'. There was, he reckoned, a 'fighting chance' that when the next full meeting took place early in the new year, the organisation would establish itself as a credible cross-party force. Earlier this year, another Scottish Socialist Society was set up following the foundation of the Socialist Society in London. But it has not been a credible cross-party force.

Professor Bernard Crick from Birkbeck College in London attended the meeting and was impressed by the SNP Left's efforts to reach out to radicals in other political parties. He described the main purpose of the society as being to clarify the principles, doctrines and theories of socialism in the Scottish context, rather than to organise political campaigns.

There is cynicism among some Labour Party activists who think that the new society is designed primarily to help solve the SNP's problems (*NS* 24 September). There is also suspicion of the extent to which the society might favour Scottish independence as opposed to devolution – perhaps the most divisive issue in Scottish politics. According to one prominent sympathetic Labour left-winger, the proposed organisation 'hasn't exactly set the heather on fire' among the labour movement.

Rob Edwards

Mass of disillusion

WHILE Michael Foot is publicly claiming the Northfield by-election result as an important Labour success, party officials close to him are analysing what went wrong. One reason they give for John Spellar's tiny 289-vote majority is that the party is failing to persuade enough voters that it has the right strategy for defeating unemployment. They argue that Labour now needs to switch from emphasising the misery of mass unemployment and stress instead a more positive image of Labour as the 'job-making' party.

This analysis is supported by the findings of a survey at Northfield, organised by Vincent Hanna for BBC TV's *Newsnight*, and conducted as voting took place. More than 1,500 voters were interviewed as they left the polling stations. *Newsnight*'s final figures came within one per cent of the correct result for each party.

More than one-quarter of those who voted changed their vote from 1979. They were asked why they switched. Only a dozen or so of the sample mentioned unemployment – 25 per cent of the small number who switched back to Labour. (Not a single voter switching to Labour mentioned policies as their reason – whether on the economy or the Common Market, or defence.)

Otherwise, the main reason for vote-switching was general disenchantment with both the Labour and Tory parties. 40 per cent of those who switched to the Liberal, Stephen Ridley, said this was why. A further ten per cent said they were voting for Mr Ridley as the only local candidate, while five per cent mentioned Labour's internal divisions. Very few said they were switching because they liked Liberal or Alliance policies.

Another reason widely given for Labour's narrow squeak is not supported by *Newsnight*'s poll. There is no evidence that Labour supporters stayed at home more than Tory supporters. Turnout was down from 71 per cent in the general election to 55 per cent last week, but both Labour and Conservative suffered by the same amount. This is clear not only from analysis of how those who did turn out last week recalled their 1979 vote; in addition *Newsnight* found that the turnout in the most solidly Labour part of the constituency declined by the same amount as in the most solidly Tory part. So the low turnout is no alibi for Labour.

Peter Kellner

The women's movement takes over

THIS YEAR's Greater London Labour Women's conference was notable for its left consensus, referred to by one delegate as 'the transformation of this conference'. Two hundred women gathered last Saturday with delegates from trade unions, socialist and co-operative societies joining delegates from women's sections and councils for the first time. With little controversy expressed over any of the motions, speeches concentrated on examples of local action, 'tips for activists' – and how to counter sexism in the Labour Party itself.

Differences between the women and official Labour policy were established in the morning when delegates voted in favour of unilateral disarmament and complete withdrawal from NATO after a debate in which Joan Ruddock, chairwoman of CND, spoke. Various motions condemned the many forms of State discrimination against women, particularly in the recently introduced UB671 benefits form. This new form disqualifies people from claiming benefits if they are judged to be unable to take a job because they care for dependants.

London's second Labour woman MP, the victorious Harriet Harman, introduced the keenest debate of the day on women in the Labour party. She accused the SDP of running a 'nasty and anti-feminist campaign' with SDP canvassing highlighting how wrong it would be to have a pregnant woman representing the constituency. She stressed the need for positive action to select more women candidates, and stated her own intention to work with the women's movement as well as the Labour Party.

The readiness of women to work politically outside the bounds of Labour Party structures emerged in calls for delegates to concentrate their feminist campaigning in the trade unions. More controversially, perhaps, conference passed a vote to sponsor a Women's Fightback conference in November to discuss further and organise for an increase in women's influence in the Labour Party, despite some worries that this was going 'outside the Party'.

Two emergency resolutions were passed deploring the removal of Jo Richardson (the other London Labour woman MP) from the NEC's Home Policy Committee, her threatened removal from the Chair of the Women's Committee and the decision to curtail the activities of the Women's Rights Study Group. (A less noticed aspect of the Right's purge of the NEC last week was the decision by 20 votes to 6 to cut back on the number of policy study groups on the NEC.)

Jan Parker

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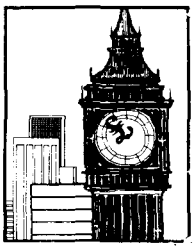

PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

How much will *your* cost of living rise this year?

EARLY NOVEMBER has its own special character. Yellowing leaves fall from the trees. Children huddle in tube station exits begging for a penny for the guy. CBI members huddle by the seaside begging for a cut in the national insurance surcharge. MPs huddle in some discomfort in the House of Lords to hear the Queen's Speech. Professor Patrick Minford of Liverpool University predicts an impending economic miracle. It is the time of year, it seems, when human beings take leave of their senses and only the trees behave rationally.

This year a new myth has clambered onto the stage of political and economic make-believe. It is that the government's heroic monetarist policies are more than half-way to final vindication. Inflation is low, and falling. Interest rates are tumbling. Public spending is, at last, under control. The government has done its bit; the rest is now up to industry.

There is enough truth in each of these statements to make them plausible – and enough falsehood to make them dangerous. Of all the statements, the most slippery, yet the least disputed, concerns inflation. Its recent decline, to a year-on-year rate of 7.3 per cent, with 5½ per cent expected by the end of the year, is invoked to justify many things the government is now doing. In particular, it is arguing that its public sector pay offers, for this year and next, are not as mean as they once looked. If the health workers were to accept six per cent this year and four per cent next – well, if inflation keeps falling and there are tax cuts next spring, living standards will be maintained.

Not so; at least, not so for many families. In normal times, the inflation rate is a shared experience, like the weather. It affects us all – although, as with the weather, people with the wherewithal can circumvent the worst storms. When inflation doubled during the first year of the present government, it doubled, roughly speaking, for everybody.

In the past two years, however, something odd has happened. Inflation has ceased, temporarily, to be a shared experience. For people with mortgages it has been significantly below the average figure, given in the Retail Prices Index (RPI); while for council tenants it remains well above the RPI level. For a health worker paying council rents, a six per cent pay rise means a lower standard of living. For anyone who has recently taken on a mortgage, a three per cent rise means higher living standards. There is *nobody* in Britain to whom the present RPI applies.

EACH MONTH'S Retail Prices Index incorporates movements in thousands of prices. For example, 80 different items of food are monitored, and their prices checked at some hundreds of outlets throughout Britain. In the latest index, for September, 1,172 separate quotations were obtained for the price of standard tea, 676 for pork sausages and 611 for cooking apples. As a statistical exercise it is as thorough as anyone could reasonably expect.

Naturally, spending patterns vary from region to region and person to person. But, on the principle of swings and roundabouts, the overall cost of living for most people rises at a similar rate, most of the time. The inherent artificiality of an average RPI doesn't matter, and even helps. (Of course nobody goes to 676 different places to buy pork sausages; but if you only took one butcher's prices, you could get a misleading impression of what is happening to sausage prices generally.)

From time to time, however, averages deceive; and now is one of those times. Real people live either in their own homes or in rented homes. The RPI average incorporates a bit of both. In the mythical RPI average household, 4.4 per cent of expenditure goes on mortgage payments, and 3.6 per cent on rent. Even the two together – 8 per cent – is misleading, for it is a weighted average of those who pay something for their housing and the minority who pay nothing (except rates) – those who own their homes outright.

If we try to disentangle the fates of two families on similar incomes – around £8-9,000 before tax and national insurance – one living in their own home and paying off a £10,000 mortgage, and the other living in a three-bedroom council house in north London, we discover just what a difference their housing finances make.

For the purposes of this exercise I assume their *non-housing* spending is identical – to each other, and, in aggregate, to the pattern implied by the RPI. I am also assuming that the government meets its short-term inflation target. If, two years ago, their weekly spending on everything except housing totalled £80, it would have risen to £88.20 last December, and to £93.40 next month.

The home owner's weekly housing costs would have been £25.90 net of tax two years ago (assuming £5 a week in rates), £27.70 last December (same mortgage payments, but higher rates) yet only £22.60 next month. The reduction in the mortgage rate from 15 per cent to next month's probable 10 per cent would knock £6 off the weekly budget, which would be offset by a 90p increase in the rate bill.

Overall, then, this household's weekly outlay would have risen from £106.50 in December 1980 to £115.90 last December, and £116.00 next month. Its 'real' inflation rate would have been 8.8 per cent in 1981, and less than 0.1 per cent in 1982.

The council-house family has been far less fortunate. Its combined rent and rate bill was £20 a week in December 1980, £27.90 last year, and £32 now. Its overall cost of living has risen from £100 a week to £125.40 a week – a rise of 16.1 per cent in 1981 and a further 8 per cent in 1982.

THIS REMARKABLE difference is not accidental. It flows directly from the government's financial policies. For Mrs Thatcher is claiming credit both for the lower interest rates, which benefit home owners, and for curbing public spending – which forces councils to raise rents. Indeed, had the council house family lived in a borough which fully translated Michael Heseltine's edicts into practice, it would have been even worse off. As it was, the council in Haringey (where my example comes from) decided to raise rents this year by *less* than Mr Heseltine wanted.

My examples are illustrations, of course, and not necessarily typical of other households in fine detail. Yet varying the precise assumptions is unlikely to dent the broad conclusion. We are, in effect, seeing the emergence in Mrs Thatcher's Britain not of two classes – rich and poor – but three: the victims of recession who have no work and who rely on state support to keep going at all; council tenants who are in work, but whose pay is now lagging well behind the cost of living; and home owners with jobs and mortgages, whose standard of living is being maintained and in many cases now rising.

This division helps to explain the recent boom in retail sales generally and imported consumer goods in particular. The sort of people who are being squeezed don't buy many consumer durables; the people who are now becoming better off do.

Putting this kind of inequality right will be a long and complicated business. Meanwhile there are two demands that can legitimately be made of the government. First, the Department of Employment should be asked to provide *separate* RPI statistics for council tenants and home owners with mortgages. And second, Norman Fowler should be asked to stop prattling on about how his offer to health workers keeps pace with inflation. For most of them, it does no such thing. □

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IRA: the price of its success

Mary Holland describes how the recent electoral victories of Sinn Fein in the Assembly elections alter the political balance within Sinn Fein and may force the IRA to re-think its strategy

THE TELEVISION CAMERAS that converged on Dublin's Mansion House last weekend for Provisional Sinn Fein's annual conference had expected a triumphantly orchestrated victory celebration – focusing on the five Provos who had won seats in October's Northern Assembly elections and designed to exploit to the full the propaganda value of their victory.

Instead they found themselves excluded from most of the conference, including the longest and most serious debate. This was on future Provisional policy for the government of Ireland after the British have withdrawn and, in particular, whether this should be based on a federal system with a parliament in each of the country's four provinces, or on a series of 15 regional councils under a unitary parliament.

To most of their fellow Irishmen and women (let alone the international media), most of this debate would have confirmed what they suspect anyway: that the Provos live in a world of their own, talk only to each other and ignore any inconvenient facts, for example that a parliament and government already exist in the Irish Republic, fully acceptable to the vast majority of Irish people.

Yet the debate was critical for the future political direction of the Provisionals and for the question of who in Sinn Fein or the IRA will control policy. Since most members of the Provisionals' Army Council are also on the 24-person Ard Comhairle (Executive Committee) of Sinn Fein, the distinction is blurred, to say the least.

The idea of a federal solution has been around for some time, enshrined in the document *Eire Nua* (New Ireland). Many in the Provisionals' leadership see it as important in that it offers a degree of autonomy to the Protestant majority in Northern Ireland. The fact that very few, if any, Northern Protestants have ever read the document didn't matter. It is brought forward as evidence that the Republican Movement's own view of itself is non-sectarian, aspiring to Wolfe Tone's traditional ideal of 'uniting Protestant, Catholic and Dissenter under the common name of Irishman'.

Joanne O'Brien

Hello: I'm canvassing on behalf of the IRA

Those who have argued most vehemently against the federal policy in recent years have been the Northern Provos, those less concerned with reverence for 'traditional' ideals than with what they see as the reality of their own situation on the ground. Gerry Adams, for example, last year described federalism as 'a sop to the Loyalists' which if implemented would simply create a new form of partition in Ireland. This year, an even stronger intervention in the debate at the annual conference was made by Martin McGuinness, the newly elected Assembly representative for Derry, once described to me by a British Army officer as having the best military brain in the IRA. McGuinness reminded his Mansion House audience that the Republican Movement did not consist of Sinn Fein alone and that the IRA had already made it known that it disapproved of federalism. According to those present, this more than anything else swung enough waverers to produce the two-thirds majority necessary to drop the idea of federalism from Sinn Fein's Constitution.

The results of the vote in this seemingly abstruse debate demonstrate that the younger Northern militants have now established political as well as military ascendancy over the older and more conservative Southern leadership based in Dublin. This has been true for some time of the IRA, for the military activity is in the North. But, after Sinn Fein's success in the Northern Assembly elections, Northerners will also be virtually unchallengeable within the movement on political matters. They are, for example, relishing the prospect of fielding candidates in all 17 of the increased number of Ulster constituencies at the next British general election and will almost certainly win at least three of them.

Despite the hysteria with which the Provisionals' election victories were greeted by the British media (one platform speaker last week-end expressed sympathy with Mr Prior on this score!) it is still not fully appreciated just how far and how fast the Provos have advanced in the year since the hunger strike ended. Even in the immediate aftermath of what seemed like the hunger strikers' defeat at the hands of Mrs Thatcher, it was already becoming clear that the death of Bobby Sands and the other prisoners in fact secured the military future of the IRA. Its international and financial support were enormous and its recruiting hugely boosted. Yet now, a year later, it seems that there may be even more important long-run political effects of Mrs Thatcher's determination to 'stand up to the hunger strikers'.

The 1981 hunger strike itself created the by-election victories of Bobby Sands and Owen Carron. Among the Provisionals' gunmen, however, these successes were seen as isolated, fought on the single issue of saving the prisoners' lives and deliberately distanced from the mainstream policy. In the weeks and months that followed an intense debate went on within the movement and in the pages of its newspaper, *An Phoblacht*, as to the value of fighting elections. In particular, there was argument as to whether this should be done on an 'interventionist' basis (i.e. to focus attention of a single issue as with the hunger strike) or a 'participatory' basis. 'Participatory' would not mean attending the House of Commons, since the Provisionals remain committed to boycotting any parliamentary institution which has been instrumental in recognising the partition of Ireland. It does mean getting dug into local politics, representing constituents' interests and building up a strong local machine.

IN THIS DEBATE, as in so many others, it was the Northerners, like Gerry Adams,

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Martin McGuinness and Danny Morrison – the sharply intelligent editor of the newspaper *An Phoblacht* – who made the running. They knew that the hunger strike had brought back to them what they had lost over the previous four or five years – a wide degree of sympathy in the Catholic community and the active support of the alienated and unemployed Catholic young. They knew how easily that support could be dissipated and they were determined that this should not happen. Most of their new young supporters wanted to join the IRA, but that was totally impracticable. Even at the peak of its activity, a guerrilla organisation like the IRA can only use a few hundred men. Above that, the risks of security leaks are increased and volunteers become frustrated by inaction. They realised that for the first time since the early 1970s they had the potential to build up a solid political base in the community at large. If they could convert sympathy into real active support they could challenge the existing moulds of Northern Irish politics.

The claim of John Hume's Social Democratic and Labour Party to be the only legitimate representatives of the Catholic minority could thus be undermined. The propaganda benefits at home and abroad could be increased. So it has turned out. If the Provos made any mistake it was to underestimate their own capacity to build a political machine that could get the vote out. With hindsight it seems that if they had put up more candidates they might have won more seats and would certainly have increased their share of the vote.

For better or worse, the Provisionals are now firmly committed to electoral politics, albeit with reservations. Yet one of the ironies of the present situation is that many of them seem less impressed by the significance of their recent success than do their opponents. They have been opposed to political activity for so long now, one senses along with the euphoria a certain embarrassment – a desire to impress upon the outsider that they have no intention of being 'sucked into' the system. The most common reaction to the recent Assembly election results was that they were 'a kick in the teeth for Ma Thatcher'. They are fond of quoting a speech, which the Prime Minister is alleged to have made at the height of the hunger strike, challenging them to 'test their popularity at the ballot box'.

But, if the Provisionals themselves seem inclined to regard their victories as important mainly in propaganda terms, British politicians make no secret of the fact that they could have a much greater long-term significance. They also recognise that, in the new Assembly, members they will be dealing with are men of some substance, whose political intelligence and skills have been forged by their own experience in the Civil Rights movement and, later, in and out of jail. The Northern Ireland Secretary, Mr James Prior, has insisted that he will not talk to Adams and his colleagues until they publicly abjure violence, but one senses that this may well have more to do with a tactical desire to calm the present fears of the Protestant community than with any deep sense of moral abhorrence.

The fact is, and the British government knows it, that the IRA is part of the Northern Irish problem, which won't be resolved until they are also part of the solution. One of the benefits of this election is that it may have helped to make that fact more generally acceptable, in that the Provos can now claim to have established a right to a place at any future negotiating table.

But the election results also bring in their wake considerable tactical problems for the IRA. First, will the election of the five Provos lead to any real reduction in the violence in Northern Ireland? The immediate answer is almost certainly 'no'. On the contrary, it will be important for the IRA to demonstrate to their own supporters at home and abroad – particularly in the US – that it is still in business and that there is no prospect of 'the armed struggle' for a united Ireland being abandoned.

Rhetoric is one thing, but practical considerations will also have to be taken into account. The Provisionals now have a constituency which goes far beyond their own hard core supporters. Contrary to the headlines in the popular press, few people who voted for Gerry Adams and his friends approve of bombing Protestants. They voted Sinn Fein for a whole complex of reasons. This ranged from active support for the IRA, through disillusion with the failure of the SDLP to achieve its aims for the Catholic community, to a desire to protest against some of the worst unemployment and housing in Northern Ireland.

Given the appalling murders of the past week, the people who voted for the Provisionals will be most worried about their immediate security and the danger that the spate of sectarian killings will escalate. They will be looking to the IRA to ensure that that does not happen. In this context, they may be expected to concentrate their targets now, so as not to provoke a backlash in the Protestant community. Horrifying as it may sound to a British reader, Protestants are less likely to be angry about British soldiers and policemen being killed than they are about random killings or the murder of prominent Protestants.

There is a practical as well as strategic aspect to all this. Running a guerilla war takes time and money, not only of those directly involved, but of indirect supporters. One Provisional described the IRA to me as 'a vacuum cleaner, it sweeps up all the talent in sight'. But keeping a good political machine going requires all these things too, particularly when the elected representatives refuse on principle to take their salaries and expenses. The IRA will be presented with a difficult choice as to where to put its best resources.

In the long term, the most important thing about the election of the five Assembly members is the challenge it presents to the Provisionals themselves. They have yet to prove that they know how to use the political victory they have achieved to benefit the people they represent. It is going to take a great deal more than Mr Gerry Adams' proposals for new structures of regional government to do that. □

THE MEDIA

Channel 4: black and white

Amon Saba Saakana attacks Channel 4's 'racist psychology'

THERE ARE INHERENT problems in the portrayal of black people in the British media, and on television in particular. The racism of the British is historically based rather than a recent manifestation, and this obviously has much to do with Britain's murderous history as a colonial empire. So the continued portrayal on television of blacks in racist and caricatured contexts is not surprising to black people. But when told that they are, in fact, racist, white people say that 'blacks have a chip on their shoulder.'

This maddening attitude by white people to the seen manifestations of racism illustrates a particular mentality. Racism is not confined to the mere act of racist practice, but in my view is grounded in the psychological framework of the white British mind. What has made that mind so unbending, so oblivious to the facts of 20th century existence in Britain? First, as Enoch Powell correctly said, the characteristics of the British are an accumulation of traditional institutions. Secondly, those institutions were developed through class distinctions and separations and were made more monstrous by the invention of racial superiority.

This is reflected in the way in which the black person is seen in the media, and on television in particular. The most common stereotypes are the criminal (*Wolcott*, for example), the bus conductor (most of television), the incoherent and farcical (*Gloo Joo*, the best example), the person most likely to be murdered in any combination of black and white (most of television); and if the black man is seen in a positive light he is usually patriotic and speaks with the best upper-class British accent (*Department S*). There were and are no inbetweens. More recent attempts at comedy have seen the canonisation of a black coon, Lennie Henry, who caricatures Rastas (wearing an oversized red, gold and green tam) in an awful Jamaican accent and does exactly the same to Africans particularly from Zimbabwe ('Katanga, katanga' is his famous greeting). Of course the programme *OTT* (Over The Top) included Lennie Henry to demonstrate that television isn't racist – that a black man can be a successful comedian. But the question is, whose values established him to be successful and who, but some whites, finds him funny?

If that is how blacks are presently treated on television, what does the new Channel

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Four hope to achieve? According to the mandate granted by the IBA, it was set up to deal with areas of broadcasting not covered by existing television.

Yet in practice, the ethnic minorities – or as I would prefer to term them, alternative cultures – have virtually no voice in the programming of Channel Four. There are 18 editorial posts on Channel Four, and with one exception, all are controlled by white people. This undeniable bias in the selection of staff means that the only black person employed (and a person of visibly mixed, black/white parentage) is given the job of relating to blacks only! Thus at this executive level where a strong voice is desperately needed to fight for challenging black programme ideas, there is only one black voice.

CHANNEL FOUR is funded by subscription paid by the ITV companies through IBA. That will amount to £104 million by March 1983. In its first financial year of operation, since officially coming into existence in January 1981, something in the region of £100 million in contracts have already been signed. Ninety-eight per cent of the major contracts have been granted by the channel to white production teams.

Channel Four justifies this practice by saying there were no black people to whom to contract these programmes. Basil Davidson, for example, a man who has done a great deal to enlighten Europeans about black history, was given £500,000 to make a series of films about African history. But by selecting Davidson, a white man, Channel Four was telling black people that they had no significant historians. At a meeting where this was discussed, the commissioning editor replied to my point about Cheik Anta-Diop being an eminently more qualified person – he has a vast array of inter-disciplinary academic qualifications besides deep scholastic interest, and has been working in the area for the last 35 years – by saying that her approach was that no single black historian should be given the job of making such a programme. Yet Basil Davidson, a white man, was precisely a single white historian given the financial backing and a white crew to make a non-racist series about black people. Nor are Channel Four's news programmes going to be that different. It has turned to the mainstream television orthodoxies in constructing a supposedly alternative perspective on the news. Instead of setting up an independent news production company, Channel Four has asked ITN to provide the daily news slot – because, it is claimed, ITN has the facilities. But if you are talking about alternative news presentation, does ITN have the personnel with the orientation to reflect a different perspective.

Diverse Production is one company attempting to make a significant initiative in the area of Channel Four's news programming. It is headed by an ex-*Panorama* producer, David Graham, who claims that the alternative news they have in mind is the presentation of views, whether in the minority or not, that are bypassed by mainstream television. The problem here is that mainstream television news already expresses racist, biased and middle-class views on any given subject, and Diverse Production might be said to be producing a complement rather than an alternative to the mainstream: they will end up giving precious air space to the National Front, Labour Left, Tory Right, trade unionists, management and so on – rather than taking a stand on these issues. Diverse intends to let the views expressed speak for themselves. Thus the meaning of *alternative* is being cleverly manipulated to the reproduction of the received and accepted.

The extremely competitive spirit which surrounds the awarding of contracts at Channel Four also does not make it easy for the black programme maker to extract any prizes. David Putnam, for example, a highly successful white producer with major films to his credit, is pitted against Horace Ové, a highly creative and experienced television and film director, but black. Putnam is backed by the massive Pearson Longman Group with a £100 million investment, thus making the realisation of Channel Four contracts that much easier through co-production deals, while Ové's fledgling company, with a shoe-string budget may soon go under.

CHANNEL FOUR recognises that black programme makers are motivated by a compelling passion to control the images of black people reflected on television. But they are in fact merely creating the illusion that black people are being given access to television, while on the other hand controlling what finances they receive, what programmes they can make and who they are to work with. The continuing operation of the buddy-buddy system is, of course, the *modus operandi* in television. So Michael Hastings, whose past work in this writer's view has been racist, wins a contract from Channel Four to do a documentary on the pre-war American black leader, Marcus Garvey. We have already seen what he has done with *Gloo Joo* and *Full Frontal* – that is, degrade the black individual and demonstrate his basic lack of understanding of the particularity of 'nation' language (the differing modes of language emanating from island to island in the Caribbean).

Channel Four's approach should be contrasted with the *active policies* of the Greater London Council. The GLC recently created a special fund for ethnic – i.e. black – grant applications, and has hired three black people to directly administer the fund. They in turn are advised by a black body. Furthermore they have increased their annual budget from £30,000 to £300,000 – a ten-fold leap. What has made the GLC change its policies as regards black people? Precisely the same thing: politics of a radical persuasion. We cannot expect those running Channel Four to institute a political practice at odds with their gripping middle-class backgrounds, which are very similar to those of the Labour Party and the Social Democrats. The result is an illusion of progress fired by a practice of retardation. □

This is an extract from a chapter in What's This Channel Four? *published by Comedia Publishing Group, £3.50 pb.*

MINERS' BALLOT

If at first you don't succeed . . .

Arthur Scargill has faced a serious rebuff three times in as many years. Has he noticed? Patrick Wintour reports

IT IS TEMPTING to liken Arthur Scargill's claim that some 'deep throat' has leaked him the National Coal Board's secret list of planned pit closures to the dressing room babble of a heavy-weight boxer who has just come round after being dragged unconscious from the ring. But the Coal Board documents which Scargill released on Tuesday after announcing his defeat in the NUM's strike ballot will divert attention from his humiliation and unite his querulous executive.

The executive will be strongly influenced by Scargill's claim that 75 of the Board's 200 collieries have been classified as 'short life;' that the NCB's definition of short-life is five years and that, therefore, the Board intends to make half the NUM redundant by 1988. These documents, he claims, prove that the Board is duplicitous and fit in with the Tories' real intention to switch increasingly from coal to nuclear power for electricity generation, as demonstrated in the government's recently published evidence for the Sizewell B Inquiry. If it is indeed true that the Board intends to close 75 pits in five years, this would represent a remarkable quickening of the closure programme. For only 13 pits have been closed in the last two years.

The leaked documents – part of a report to the Monopolies and Mergers Inquiry into the Coal Board and two other internal documents – show that the NCB's 30 most unprofitable pits produced only 17m tonnes of the total 1981 output of 107m tonnes and lost £227m in doing so. This is only £25m less than the NCB's total loss for the year. But the fact that a small number of unidentified pits account for most the NCB's loss in this way was already well known; indeed the Board's chairman Norman Siddall, told the miners' annual conference as much this year. The identity of the big loss-making pits was not generally known since the NCB accounts show only the separate losses for the Board's 12 Areas as a whole and not for individual pits. Scargill's leaked document goes further by making public the names of the individual 30 top loss-making pits in 1981. But even this can scarcely be news to the NUM executive, since the Board provides the NUM every

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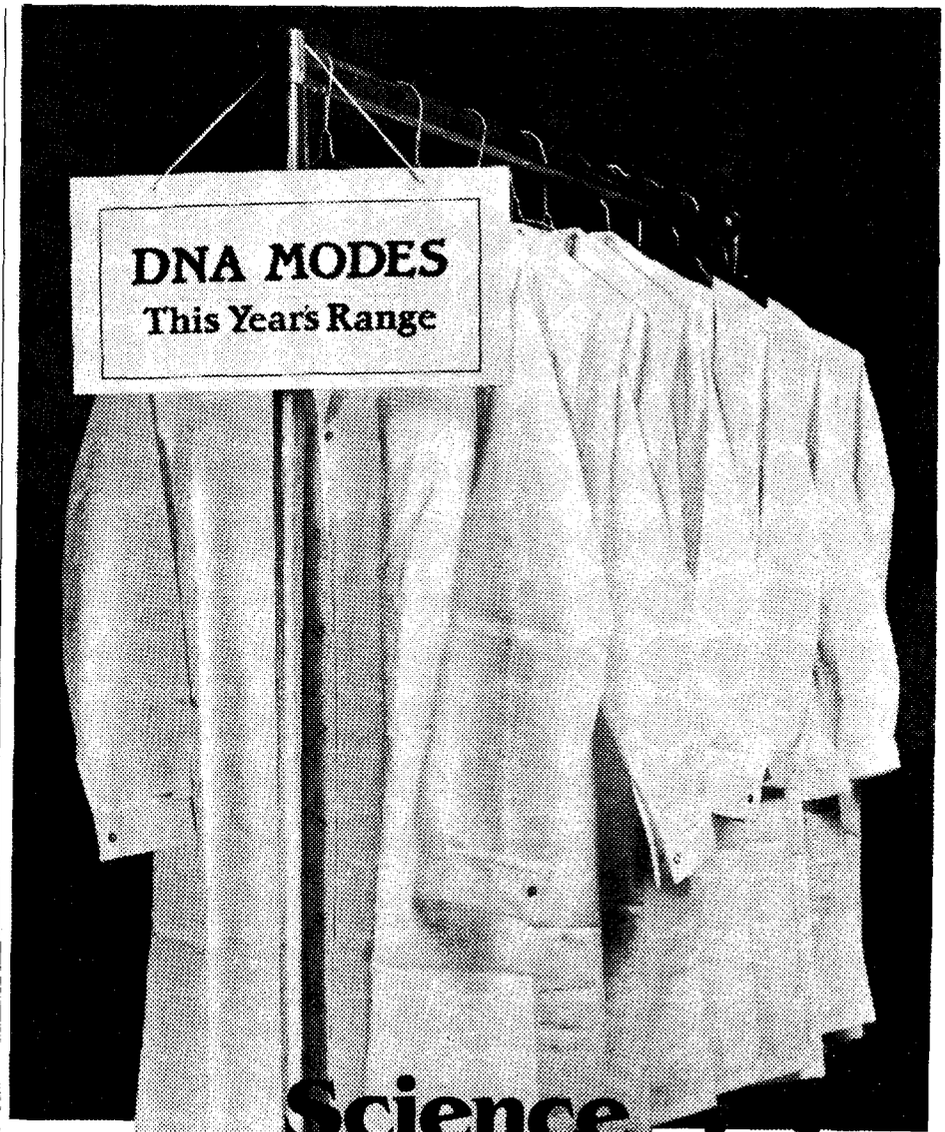
month with a computer print-out of the profit and loss of each individual pit. It is thus always possible for the NUM to work out for itself the 30 most unprofitable pits and the total impact of their losses on the NCB.

What is more, as the Board is eager to point out, the leaked documents demonstrate the tremendous variation from year to year in which pits are the top losers. Of the 1981 list of the top loss-making collieries, only six have been in the top 30 for all of the previous five years. Eight of the 1981 list had never been in this top 30 before. Excluding these 30 most unprofitable collieries in 1981, of the remaining 170 collieries, 48 had appeared among the top 30 loss-makers in at least one of the previous five fiscal years. The Coal Board has come to the view that 'one should not be surprised if a colliery's cost per tonne varies from one year to the next by as much as one third plus the effect of inflation'. The Board has even classified 15 collieries as 'rogue collieries', because of the massive fluctuations in their costs from year to year. It is therefore not fair to claim that just because a pit is a top loss-maker in one year, it is doomed for closure.

Much more important is the question of whether a pit is classified by the Coal Board as long-or short-life. As a result of the leak the NUM now knows that 75 pits are listed by the Board as short-life. It also knows how many are in each Coal Board Area, but does not know their identity. The Board's documents show that the average cost per tonne of coal from these 75 pits is £17.05, while its figure for the 130 long-life collieries is £12.61. But senior Board officials insist that even classification as a short life pit does not represent certain closure. They say that a short-life pit is one for which the Board has no *current* plans beyond 10 years (not five years as Scargill claims). Even then, my source says, this is merely an 'economic planning assumption which has to be made when preparing a plan seeking government funds for investment'. For one reason or another, investment may subsequently be put into a pit, restoring it to long-life status. Even pits that have been in the top 30 loss-makers for five years in succession, such as Seafield in Scotland, can and have been given the kiss of life by investment. But, for all this explanation, most short-life collieries will stay just that.

The 'leaked documents' make it clear that the Board intend at least to rid itself of repeated loss-makers over the next ten years. A table presented to the Monopolies Commission (which the Board told the Commission was very sensitive and not for publication) shows this was to be done by continuing to close 2m tonnes worth of unprofitable capacity a year. This would cut out, by 1990, £170m of the £220m losses attributed to the heavy loss-makers. This scale of closures, already advocated by the Select Committee on Energy last year, does not necessarily involve a cut in net capacity since new pits are being opened up at the same time. Indeed, the highly expansionary 1974 Plan for Coal intended to cut as much



Science – after a fashion

"Science is prized as a dispassionate spyglass on reality. The hint that its theories flit around, catching on here but meeting market resistance there, mocks its high seriousness." We might reasonably expect that of all branches of human activity, science would be least susceptible to the whims of fashion. Not so, says Roy Porter in this week's Times Higher Education Supplement in an article which demolishes any remaining myths of science's objectivity or universal truth. Science (like society) has a history not an abstract nature', and that history is the history of fashions.

The Times Higher Education Supplement

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as 4m tonnes of capacity every year as the new more productive and profitable capacity was brought in.

The real threat to the NUM does not come from Arthur Scargill's leaked documents, but from the massive leaps in productivity expected from the new pits and from new technology. It is clear that the Coal Board intends to concentrate production in these new areas of heavy investment. A team of university academics has been working independently for some years on the effect of computerisation and automation on miners' jobs. They point out that the super pit at Selby will produce with 4,000 men the amount of coal now produced on average by 16,000. Their report on new technology in mining to a sub-committee of the NUM executive remains confidential and is by no means official NUM policy. But it is under understood that their report says that, assuming demand for coal remains constant and new technologies are fully installed, anything between 55 and 74 per cent of the 1981 workforce of 200,000 will be made redundant.

A standardised computer system for central control at collieries – MINOS, Mine Operating System – would wipe out jobs throughout the industry. It is already partially installed in many pits. In particular, two sub-systems of MINOS will have serious implications for the NUM. The first – called FIDO – for coal face monitoring, will reduce 'avoidable delays' in coal cutting, said by the NCB to represent a third of all shift time presently worked. The second is IMPACT – in-built Machine Performance and Condition Testing – which monitors machine faults and potential breakdowns. Along with the computerisation of coal clearance and coal preparation, these technical changes could lead to job losses very soon. This, rather than conventional pit closure programmes, is the real challenge to Scargill and his executive.

Mr Scargill, who has been rebuffed three times in as many years by the miners, does not now seem riddled with self-doubt. On Tuesday after announcing the ballot he blamed, yes, the *Daily Express* and talked of another ballot within weeks because of his, curiously timed, leak from the NCB. Few can criticise his energy, only his efficacy. His punishing series of speeches was impressive but failed to convert those who thought eight per cent was a good offer. Key marginals like Derbyshire which last year voted 50-50 this year voted 60-40 against a strike. Mr Burroughs, the Derby Area NUM Treasurer and a strike supporter, does not blame the campaign's quality: 'The volume of paper and stickers was tremendous. On the day before the vote we had as many as five meetings at the big pits like Shirebrook.' Mr Burroughs gave a lot of reasons for the defeat. Miners are well paid and know it. They are raised on overtime. He thinks the claim should have been shaped to attract the miners' vanguard – the faceworker. The question now is whether Scargill can beat the Board's tactics – locally negotiated but steady closures, high pay and high redundancy payments. □

EDUCATION

Is Rhodes Boyson right?

Rick Rogers asks whether alternative schools intrude on the Left's support for comprehensives

THE SITUATION of the Croxteth comprehensive, featured in last week's *New Statesman*, raises an intriguing question. Should the Left concern itself with the alternative movement in education? Disowned by its local authority but supported by the local community, Croxteth had only one option for survival: to go it alone or, in other words, go alternative. But if Croxteth can do it, so too can – and do – a varied crew, less sympathetic to the comprehensive principle. A key problem for alternatives – and the Left – is that people are bucking an educational system that has been, largely, democratically decided on.

No political party has any coherent policy on alternatives. Only once, in 1959, did a Labour policy document, *Signpost for the Sixties*, discuss the alternative arm of education. Since then, nothing. Now, though, there are moves to encourage official funding of alternatives. Indeed, one local authority has already done so. But any such policy first needs to get to grips with the contradictory state of the country's educational alternatives.

Parents and teachers set up their own schools for many reasons. Some do it out of dissatisfaction with a secondary school allocation. These tend to be short-lived. The latest in Bexley charges parents £8.50 a week and insists on a uniform. Others, such as Croxteth, try to keep a local school open after the local authority has pulled out.

Some parents find local schools unsympathetic to children's perceived needs. In Brent, a group plans to open an alternative school for black pupils because the local schools 'do not get across to black children the virtues of academic achievement, discipline and the need for qualifications'. Others wish to pursue a particular educational philosophy – the free schools, the new Schumacher school in Devon, for instance. Many initiatives, such as the supplementary or Saturday schools, reveal a growing demand from religious and ethnic groups to run their own schools – autonomous but conventional.

Yet there is considerable disagreement on what constitutes an 'alternative' school. The Campaign for State Supported Alternative Schools (CSSAS) says it knows of only three bona fide ones – White Lion Street and Kirkdale free schools in London and the Leeds free school. Another – St Paul's in Birmingham's Balsall Heath – claims to be the only true alternative.

CSSAS, formed three years ago to advise groups and campaign for official funding for alternatives, offers a 'model' school as democratic, non-hierarchical, community-based, non-selective, non-coercive and small. Crucial elements are that it is non-fee-paying and open to all. It should complement, not conflict with the comprehensive system.

Other countries have developed effective ways to accommodate alternatives within the state system. In Australia, the Victorian State education department funds alternatives under the umbrella of nearby state schools, which act as administrative support. An 'alternative' school must have a qualified teacher, but is free to decide its own teaching methods, curriculum, premises and school organisation. It can use resources from other local schools and is included in official options when children transfer to secondary school.

Ten years ago, the United States Office of Education funded an Experimental Schools Program, which spawned over 10,000 alternative schools In 1978, after consulting the city's parents, Los Angeles set up 45 schools offering different kinds of educational experience and philosophy, from fundamental schools where the three Rs are taught under strict discipline to more relaxed centres for 'enriched studies' with a more contemporary curriculum, plus schools specialising in the arts, sciences and careers.

One concern on the Left in Britain is that support for alternatives will fragment the comprehensive system. Indeed, Tory education minister, Rhodes Boyson, favours a Danish scheme of large government grants to independent schools precisely because he sees it as a way to extend the independent sector, although the scheme is more akin to our voluntary school arrangements.

Others argue that state-supported alternatives will bring much needed innovation to a system not yet truly comprehensive. They point out that many children in alternatives have already rejected conventional schooling, and that much new thinking on alternatives has come out of the proliferation of local authority units for school refusers and disruptive children. They see as a major step forward the recent decision by the Labour-controlled Inner London Education Authority (ILEA) to assume responsibility for the White Lion Street free school.

ILEA did not want to fund White Lion as an independent school, so put the White Lion pupils on the rolls of nearby state schools and designated the free school an 'off-site centre', allowing proper resourcing but preserving the school's autonomy. ILEA reckons the school offers an alternative approach with important lessons for the maintained sector.

Other alternatives hope to use this as a precedent. But it took White Lion ten years to convince ILEA and a national policy shift is a long way off. Still, ILEA could have found one useful response to educational vouchers and the Tory's siren-call of parental choice. □

An Alternative Schools Action Pack (£3) is available from the Campaign for State Supported Alternative Schools, 18 Victoria Park Square, London E2 9PB.

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PUBLIC EXPENDITURE

Heseltine's early Christmas

Francis Wheen explains the peculiar motive behind Michael Heseltine's call for greater council spending

NOT SINCE Ebenezer Scrooge abandoned his miserly ways and presented a turkey to Bob Cratchit for Christmas has there been an about-turn as dramatic as that executed by Michael Heseltine last week. Having forced local authorities to cut down on their capital spending for the past three years, the Environment Secretary has now instructed them to spend £1,000 million before the end of next March.

Why the sudden munificence? Could it be that Heseltine is a kind-hearted old gent after all? Emphatically not. In telling local councils to splash out £1 billion in the next five months, Heseltine must know that he is asking the impossible: capital spending simply cannot take place that quickly, not least because of the restrictions and delays imposed by his own department. The more one studies Heseltine's sudden change of heart, the more difficult it is to see it as anything other than a public relations stunt designed to pacify the construction industry. (How convenient that it occurred only days before the CBI gathered for its annual conference.)

However, even the Tory sympathisers who run the construction industry are unlikely to be hoodwinked for long. For the important point is that when Heseltine says that councils should *spend* £1 billion before 31 March, he means precisely that. If a council hurriedly concocts a £5 million building scheme now, but does not actually construct the building before the end of March, the cost will come out of the council's capital budget for *next* year; and the size of that budget will be determined by the government's capital allocations for 1983-4, which have not even been announced yet. In other words, a council which started a building scheme now, on the strength of Heseltine's announcement, might well find that, after March, it could not afford to complete the building, because of a reduction in its capital allocation (which is the amount that government allows councils to borrow for spending on capital projects).

Heseltine himself concedes that 'the lead times on capital projects can be long, and that authorities may be deterred by the thought of a tail of commitments for future years when they do not know what resources will be available'. Nevertheless he thinks that there are two types of project on which councils could spend £1 billion in five months – reclaiming derelict land and awarding home improvement grants.

Heseltine is certainly an optimist. Derelict land, as a matter of fact, is one part of the capital budget on which local authorities have *not* underspent this year. But councillors point out that it will be difficult to spend much more on it in the time allowed by Heseltine, since much derelict land is not actually owned by local councils; it belongs instead to organisations such as the National Coal Board or British Rail. Negotiating the purchase alone would take years rather than months, leaving no time for 'reclamation' before Heseltine blows his whistle and announces the end of the spending spree.

Increasing the number of home improvement grants is also not as simple as Heseltine seems to imagine. There has been something of a 'grant boom' this year: some local councils have had ten times as many applications for home improvement grants as they had last year. Because of the legal procedures which have to be followed before a grant can be approved, there is already a bottleneck. For the past year and more local authority leaders have been pressing Heseltine to review these procedures, in the hope of finding a speedier system; he has refused. Moreover, because Heseltine's spree lasts only until the end of this financial year, the amount of improvement work that can be done will be limited. As one local government worker puts it, 'no one's going to want to take their roof off in the middle of winter'.

The £1 billion which Heseltine is telling local councils to spend in a hurry comes from capital receipts – money which the councils have made from sales of houses, land and so forth. Councils may use up to 50 per cent of receipts from council house sales (and up to 100 per cent of other receipts) to supplement their capital allocation. Instead, however, councils have tended to sit on these receipts, allowing them to earn interest. One advantage of this policy is that the interest thus earned goes into the council's revenue account rather than the capital account, and can be used to alleviate the huge burden of debt servicing charges which all councils carry. This is something which Heseltine has hitherto encouraged; now he has apparently changed his mind.

There is a more important reason for councils to hang on to their capital receipts rather than to spend them straight away, as Heseltine now wishes. Capital spending programmes often have to be planned years in advance; but the amount of money available for them is known only a few months before the start of each financial year, when the government announces its allocations. These can vary considerably from one year to the next: the Association of Metropolitan Authorities is currently predicting a 32 per cent reduction in the allocation for housing next year. The only way in which councils can 'cushion' the effect of such jolts is to hold their own reserves of capital receipts, on the biblical model of the years of leanness and the years of plenty. Heseltine has now decided to punish councils for this behaviour: from next year onwards, the 50 per cent restriction will apply to *all* capital receipts rather than just receipts from council house sales. The local authorities' cushion will thus be that much smaller.

It is richly ironic that Heseltine should present himself as the champion of capital spending. There are indeed many projects on which local councils would like to spend money, but Heseltine is stopping them. For example, some councils wish to buy empty houses from private builders, and the builders wish to sell. The builders would receive money with which to construct more houses; the councils would be able to reduce their waiting lists. Everyone would be happy – except Michael Heseltine, who has decided that this practice counts as 'municipilisation', an activity of which he disapproves. He has therefore banned it. □

EMPLOYMENT TRENDS AND THE FAMILY

Lesley Rimmer and Jennie Popay

The authors argue that employers, trade unionists and politicians are failing to take account of the relationships between employment issues and changes in family life. They describe the changing patterns of women's employment and the increasing importance of the second earner's contribution to family finances. Despite the rising rates of unemployment little account is being taken of the family responsibilities of the unemployed or of the true number of adults and children experiencing the effects of unemployment.

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HEALTH

Guilty until proved innocent

20-20 Vision, Channel 4's documentary series, began this week with an exposé of the herbicide 245T. Judith Cook reports on the background

IN THE two years since the *New Statesman* first published articles on the subject, many more people have become aware of 245T – trichlorophenoxyacetic acid – and its contaminant, dioxin. It was used in Agent Orange in Vietnam, where it has been blamed for cancers and monstrous birth deformities. Its base chemical, trichlorophenol, blew up at Seveso in Italy in 1976. There is also growing evidence that it is a teratogen (foetal deformer). Many countries have banned 245T altogether. The government's Advisory Committee on Pesticides (known as the PAC) is once again considering its safety.

Virtually all the running in this country has been made by the National Union of Agricultural and Allied Workers, now merged into the Transport and General. 245T is a good example of the almost 1,000 'agrochemicals' currently on the market. New brands appear almost weekly and even the rather limp report of the Royal Commission on Environmental Pollution in 1979 called for some kind of statutory control. The British agrochemical industry does not want such controls. It is quite happy with the PAC.

Its spokesman, Chris Major, says that the decision as to whether or not a chemical is safe can be left to the scientists. Those who criticise the system are accused of political motivation. On the other hand, Dr André Maclean, of the Scientific Sub-Committee of the Pesticides Advisory Committee, which again 'cleared' 245T in December 1980, says that the decision whether or not to continue using any agrochemical is a political one, not a scientific one.

Some highly disturbing case histories have been discovered by the NUAAW. They are all treated dismissively by the PAC in its Ninth Review. All the cases involved exposure to 245T in one way or another, followed by illness or birth deformity. There is the case of 'Mrs Q', actually Gillian Scheltinga, in North Wales. Contamination by 245T during a pregnancy clearly is critical to the case against the chemical. Mrs Scheltinga and her husband swore affadavits about the sequence of events leading up to her miscarriage. Yet the PAC review chooses to get the dates wrong.

And there is the case of Mrs I, Irene Hogben. 'Mrs I, her family doctor, the hospital physician concerned and Company representatives were interviewed,' says the Review. She says she was not interviewed. The Review continues that Mrs I had one child born with multiple deformities but 'a second and normal child was born in 1979.' The report does not mention that following the birth of Kerry, the child with multiple deformities, Irene Hogben gave birth to a second child in the twenty-seventh week of pregnancy which did not live.

In a third case, Margaret Thomas had a normal baby in July 1980, after her husband David was contaminated with 245T (his workmate, Eddie Treherne died of soft tissue sarcoma – a rare form of cancer which Swedish research has shown is six times more likely to occur in workers handling phenoxy herbicides than in the average population). However, this year, Margaret Thomas became pregnant again, this time with twins. One twin miscarried just before the third month, but the other appeared to be developing normally. However in the summer it died *in utero* and was removed surgically. Mrs Thomas, on the advice of her doctors, has been sterilised.

The PAC review asserts that the Health and Safety Executive is undertaking studies of operator exposure under actual working conditions. But the HSE says that no study had been done because it has proved impossible to find out where 245T was being used. A spokesman, John Summerscales, said that it was also a matter of finding employers prepared to co-operate.

The Review also makes much of a report by Dr George May on Coalite workers contaminated during an accident after an explosion in 1968, at the Coalite company's works in Derbyshire, where 245T was made. Seventy-nine workers were affected with the rash, chloracne, which often appears after contact with dioxin. Many have since complained of heart and lung troubles and some of impotency. Dr May's examination and subsequent reports cleared 245T completely and stressed that the only ill-effect suffered by the men was chloracne. Dr May was in a considerably invidious position, for as well as being the company doctor, he was also the GP for many of the men.

Dr Jenny Martin, a consultant pathologist who also examined some of the men, came to a very different conclusion. However, some of her research was stolen from her home just outside Macclesfield after she had written up her report findings in the *Lancet*.

SO WHERE do we stand now? Professor E.D. Acheson argued in an article in the *Lancet* in May that 'further research is urgently needed.' The EEC has declared that 245T should not be sold to the public; that it should not be used anywhere near public footpaths; that it should not be sprayed on fruit at harvest time and that the threshold limit for the dioxin contaminant should be reduced – the third such reduction in ten years.

Dr David Hessayon, when he retired as chairman of the British Agrochemical Association in 1981 said that if the industry gave in to pressure from the unions and public over 245T they could go on to campaign against another chemical, then another. 'We are engaged in a power struggle for the industry we cannot afford to lose.' As long ago as 1979, 67 insecticides previously passed as safe by the PAC were banned by the EEC. It took two years for an implementing directive to go out from our own Ministry of Agriculture. Some are still on sale.

For the agrochemical industry the prospect could be serious. As one American commentator said about the situation in the US: 'All the toxicity questions of the next decade are raised by this case.' For apart from the cancers, if the courts were to accept that 245T is a teratogen – a 'gene bender', for it affects the base DNA itself – then compensation payments could be astronomic, not just for this generation of those affected, but for chromosome-damaged generations to come.

Less 245T is now used in Britain, thanks to the efforts of landworkers and the NUAAW. But it is still widely used, not least by home gardeners, who are not even given the kind of protective advice now handed out to professional users.

Dr Roger Thomas, Labour MP for Carmarthen, who is responsible for the fact that we now know that at least 56 tonnes of 245T is used in this country each year (not three tonnes as the Government used to claim) says – as a doctor and a politician – that where potentially hazardous chemicals can come into contact with the public 'they should be found guilty until proved innocent, not innocent until proved guilty as they are now.' □

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□ The chauffeur also revealed that it was he who withdrew the £100 from the bank for Sir Geoffrey . . . 'He was going to give me most of the money to buy him some personal things – just pen refills, that sort of thing. It's surprising how it mounts up.' – *The Standard* (A. B. Knight)

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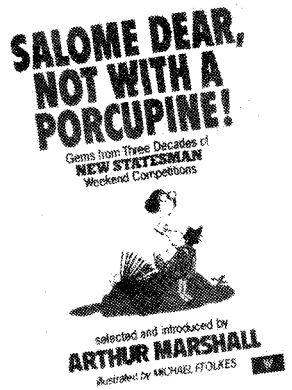
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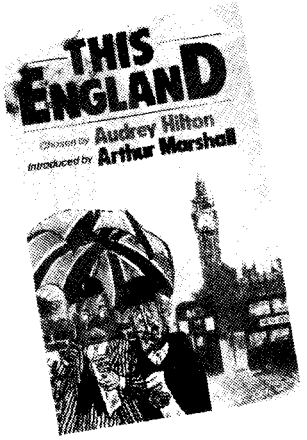

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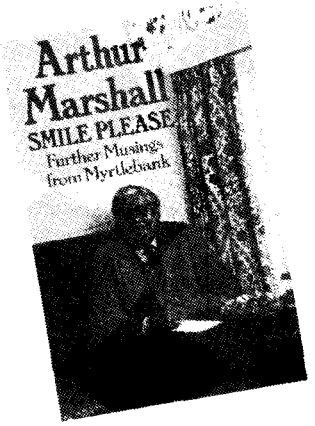

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DIARY

Christopher Price

In a week in which I'm off to Greece to see how Andreas Papandreou is succeeding in defending Greek democracy, I reflect that there's hardly any need for a colonels' coup in Britain: it's got one already. Under Thatcher, British democracy is wilting fast. The considered judgment of the posh papers in the wake of Peckham and Northfield is that there's a boredom with British politics in all its accepted, traditional dimensions, an acceptance of unemployment as an act of God and a refusal to believe that Labour can ever make Britain much better. True, we are just about holding on, and have managed to return a pair of parliamentary representatives, a male from the right and a female from the left, who will represent most competently either traditional wing of our increasingly traditional party. But seeing John Spellar rubbishing Benn to the workers of Birmingham gave me no confidence for the future. We desperately need a leadership with the imagination to break the Party's own dualistic stalemate and put before the people the alternative to Colonel Thatcher and her grey, ideological henchmen, many of them far less impressive than Papadopoulos or Loannides.

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Of late, Ken Livingstone has been the only British politician of the Left to produce any real spark of such imagination. But not being a parliamentarian, he's banned from the leadership struggle and, anyway, he's too young. The problem with Labour's imprisonment within parliamentary politics means that we simply lack the mechanism to bring forward a Felipe Gonzales, a politician fresh enough to convince a majority of the possibility of change. We must make the best of the old, raddled prostitutes of the Kremlin system we are used to. So we dream, from time to time, that if only Neil Kinnock could do a decent imitation of Lloyd George, or Roy Hattersley of Harold Wilson, the precious magic would return and in its wake another Labour government, with portfolios to be distributed and sections of the manifesto to be implemented. As we enter the nine months' run up to the general election, we now know that's not enough. We need a quantum leap in imagination to break not the political mould, but the deliberate, political apathy induced by Mrs Thatcher's brand of popular dictatorship.

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That is why I am profoundly depressed by our new, Leninist national executive. The Left, when in power, did a lot of silly things; but it never tried to monopolise the party machine to this extent. Certainly, it fought for policies, and if it was rather too simplistic at times in doing so, it learnt lessons in the process. But the new Golding-Howell regime of the Right on the NEC has now rejected Jim Mortimer's compromise for a distribution of power – a genuine attempt to create some trust between the two wings of the Party. They have adopted Lenin's dictum: 'Trust is good, but control is better.' It is a very dangerous response in the present situation and could, if pursued to its logical conclusion, allow Labour to be massively outflanked on the Left and reduce the Party to an ineffectual rump, hardly more substantial than the Italian Social Democrats. I hope in time our new right-wing trade union masters become more generous and far-sighted.

○

One of the immediate, practical effects of Harriet Harman's arrival in Parliament will be to put on record – and even perhaps into law – what has become known as the Harman amendment. Over the past two years there have been constant attempts in Parliament to reverse the 3 to 2 decision of the House of Lords (Diplock winning, Scarman losing) that matter read out in open court could in certain circumstances still be kept secret. The government has now put the Law Reform Commission on to the problem: but it's not being exactly impartial on the issue. In the Commons the other day, the Solicitor General – one Sir Ian Percival, Tory MP for Southport – used parliamentary privilege to allege that David Leigh of the *Observer*, to whom Harriet Harman revealed the crucial information about our prison system, wanted the material not for his work as a daily journalist but for a book. This was quite untrue; David wanted the material for a *Guardian* article, used it for

one, and later swore an affidavit as to his intentions. It's traditional when ministers mislead Parliament for them to put the record straight. Sir Ian is an honourable sort of fellow; I hope he does so, before the European Court of Human Rights rules that Harriet was right and Lord Diplock was wrong.

○

It was both the European Court and Jim Prior's sense of fundamental decency that made the government finally decide to bring Northern Irish law on homosexuality in line with that of the rest of the United Kingdom. In spite of universal Ulster opposition (even Gerry Fitt disapproved, but abstained because of all the irrelevant hot air in the arguments), the motion passed with a massive majority. Clive Soley put the case for gay rights eloquently and for the first time, I believe, from Labour's front bench. But the Order also provided an opportunity for a couple of Tory MPs, Michael Brown of Brigg and Scunthorpe and Matthew Parris of West Derbyshire, to make very brave speeches on the issue, which could well bring them trouble with their bigots.

○

I see Greece have beaten Luxembourg at home – a team not to be despised, but unhappily placed at the moment. The gallant little Duchy has been drawn against England at home, and has pleaded on bended knee to the European authorities to be allowed to play us away. It's our fans, not our footballers they fear. I have never been so ashamed of my country as at the previous encounter, when coachloads of drunken yobos, screaming 'Fucken Dutch Bastards' (they were not quite certain where they were) systematically ripped the town apart, causing white panic on the faces of the Duchy's picturesque, toytown policemen. Those who enthuse about Labour's policy of getting out of Europe, should realise that there'll be one or two Europeans only too happy to give us a good, strong push.

ROGER WODDIS

Fanfare

'Jeremy Isaacs has a vision to vend.' – the Guardian, *on Channel Four.*

Blow, blow, blow, for the flags and the flannel,
Blow for the birth of a bouncing new channel,
Blow for the soon-to-be everyone's friend –
Jeremy Isaacs has a vision to vend.

All life is here, under Willie's authority;
Blow for the groups who are in a minority,
Blow for the many with money to spend –
Jeremy Isaacs has a vision to vend.

Brookside, *The Munsters*, *Opinions* and *Voices*
Offer a range of alternative choices;
Blow for the best in a popular blend –
Jeremy Isaacs has a vision to vend.

Issues political, themes economic,
Blow for Hot Gossip and Hogan the comic;
Nothing can possibly bore or offend –
Jeremy Isaacs has a vision to vend.

Blow for the future as hard as you're able,
Blow before doom and the coming of cable,
Blow in the hope of a long-delayed end –
Jeremy Isaacs has a vision to vend.

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The 2nd NEW STATESMAN Low Collection

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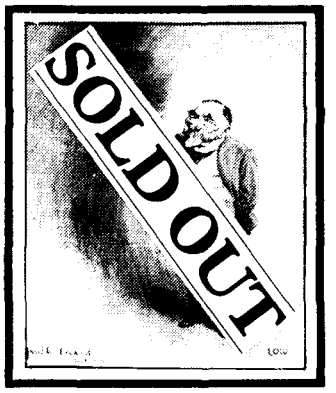
Arnold Bennett 1926



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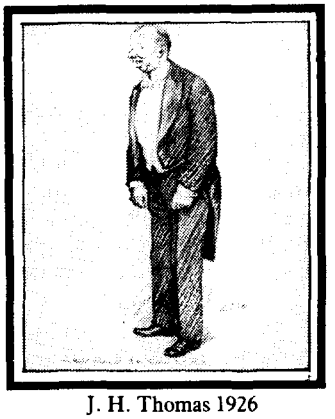

J. H. Thomas 1926

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Fifty-six years ago, the NEW STATESMAN commissioned the young David Low to sketch the famous of the day. We reproduced his sketches in 1926 and published a second series in 1933. They helped to establish Low as the 20th century's greatest political cartoonist.

Extra copies of his sketches were printed, stored and forgotten – until they were found in our vaults last year.

Last autumn we offered a selection for sale. Now we offer a new selection (illustrated above) with a few (see order form) from last year.

These reproductions are a little blemished by age but are in acceptable condition. As we said at the time: each is 'printed on special cartridge paper by the finest offset process available'. They cannot be repeated in this form: Low's original drawings and the printing plates were destroyed before the war.

The reproductions are available in two ways:

● MOUNTED and FRAMED at £15 each (**to UK and Eire addresses only** – sorry, no overseas orders due to packing problems) including postage and VAT. The mount is dark brown, the frame is plain mid-oak hardwood, about 11in. wide by 13¼in. deep.

● UNFRAMED at £3 each (**to UK and Eire addresses** – overseas prices on application) including postage and VAT.

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A girl's best friend

Claudia Wright explores the often secret relationship between US Ambassador to the UN, Jeane Kirkpatrick, and South Africa

THE UNITED STATES Ambassador to the United Nations, Jeane Kirkpatrick, celebrates her birthday on 19 November. Last year the South African government sent a special courier to the Ambassador's New York office to deliver a birthday greeting. It was signed by Pieter Swanepoel, the Information Counsellor at the South African Embassy in Washington, who had just arrived from Pretoria. There were also 'best regards and gratitude' from Lieutenant-General P. W. van der Westhuizen, head of South Africa's military intelligence. With the letter (see illustration) came a birthday gift, a 'token of appreciation', honouring Kirkpatrick's 'activity for freedon and democracy'.

Now birthday presents are normal enough among friends and Kirkpatrick has been a friend, if not of freedom and democracy, at least of the parody version practised in South Africa. According to United States law, Mrs Kirkpatrick is obliged to report any gift to the Protocol Office of the Department of State. If it is of more than nominal value, she may not keep it for herself.

Kirkpatrick has not reported her gift from the South African government. In the annual list of gifts to US officials – published in the Federal Register on 26 March 1982 – Kirkpatrick remembered to record a small rust and green rug, worth $300, given to her on 30 August 1981, by General Mohammed Zia of Pakistan – but that was all. When I asked the Ambassador's office about a gift from South Africa in 1981, the response was there had been none. Swanepoel and the South African ambassador, Brand Fourie, also say that they 'know nothing about such a gift'.

Forgetfulness in reporting gifts has caused trouble for exalted officials in the Reagan Administration, among them the President's first Assistant for National Security Affairs, Richard Allen, who lost his job because of a Japanese watch and honorarium. More important, however, in the case of Mrs Kirkpatrick are the reasons General van der Westhuizen and the Pretoria government felt so grateful to the ambassador.

DURING 1981, General van der Westhuizen had several reasons for being personally grateful to Kirkpatrick. She was, for example, the most senior US official to meet him and four other South African military intelligence men on 15 March (see *NS* April 3, 1981). Until that meeting, the US had barred official visits by South African officers of brigadier rank or above. Early reports about Kirkpatrick's meeting were denied. She then admitted there had been a meeting, but lied about her knowledge of van der Westhuizen's identity. The then Secretary of State, General Alexander Haig, intervened to tell the press that Kirkpatrick's meeting with van der Westhuizen had his personal authorisation.

The South African general returned to the US again, on 23-24 November, to attend a negotiating session on Namibia which was held near Washington. The State Department admits that Assistant Secretary of State for Africa, Chester Crocker, was at this meeting. Kirkpatrick's office denies meeting van der Westhuizen at that time. He returned for another visit (his third at least), this time to the State Department in Washington, on 22-23 February, this year. In Kirkpatrick's absence, the meetings were monitored by an official from her office.

Each of van der Westhuizen's visits have preceded major shifts in US policy, and large, usually secret, concessions to South African demands. Kirkpatrick's role on each occasion has been that of a 'go-between', according to officials at the UN, relaying South African requests to Washington, and helping to coordinate joint American-South African positions and negotiating tactics. According to a State Department official, she is one of several members of 'President Reagan's entourage (whose) furtive association . . . with some foreign governments, the South African regime in particular . . . will inflict serious damage to the long-term interests of my country'.

After the March 1981 meeting with van der Westhuizen, the administration sent Assistant Secretary Crocker to Pretoria. Summaries of his talks there were leaked and published by the *Covert Action Information Bulletin*. The documents reveal that Crocker told the South Africans that 'top US priority is to stop Soviet encroachment in Africa. US wants to work with SAG (South African Government) but ability to deal with Soviet presence severely impeded by Namibia . . . USG (US Government) assumes Soviet/Cuban presence is one of (SAG's) concerns and we are exploring ways to remove in the context of Namibia settlement.' This was the beginning of a US-South African shift on the terms of the settlement for Namibia, undermining the current UN resolution on Namibia and ending the effective negotiating role carried out so far by the Namibia 'contact group' – the US, UK, Canada, France and Germany. It was also the beginning of the 'linkage' in US and South African policy between the withdrawal of South African forces and the independence of Namibia on the one side, with a simultaneous withdrawal of Cuban forces from Angola to the north. According to South African officials, the idea of this 'linkage' was 'something the Americans initiated, wanted, and pursued'.

The Kirkpatrick and Crocker meetings in early 1981 were also the green light for General van der Westhuizen and his fellow generals to widen their military operations in Namibia and Angola and to escalate covert operations against Mozambique and Zimbabwe. As South African troops advanced into southern Angola in August 1981, Kirkpatrick played the role of public defender at the UN. The draft resolution requested by Angola condemning the South African invasion had overwhelming support in the Security Council on 31 August. But Britain abstained and Kirkpatrick cast the American veto. The justification she gave was that South Africa's attack was a legitimate reprisal for SWAPO raids from Angolan bases into Namibia – the same view Crocker had privately offered in Pretoria on 15 April.

Kirkpatrick was to play the same role protecting South Africa from UN votes on sanctions through the autumn of 1981, and

EMBASSY OF SOUTH AFRICA
3051 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, N.W.
WASHINGTON D.C. 20008

December 1, 1981

H.E. Mrs. Jeane J. Kirkpatrick
Ambassador
United States Mission to the United Nations
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

Excellency,

I am pleased to announce my recent arrival as Counsellor (Infromation) at the South African Embassy, replacing Mr. W. Lotz in that position. My curriculum vitae is attached for your information.

I have the privilege of informing you that my Government as priviously highly appreciates your activity for freedom and democracy. The bearer of this message has been authorised to present you with this gift on the occasion of your birthday as a token of appreciation from my Government.

I was also requested by Lt. Gen. P.W. van der Westhuizen to convey his best regards and gratitude.

Yours sincerely,

Pieter A. Swanepoel
COUNSELLOR (INFORMATION)

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then, immediately after van der Westhuizen's November visit, to defending South Africa during the Security Council debate on the attempted invasion of the Seychelles by South African mercenaries.

Plots against the Seychelles government of Albert René have been common ever since James Mancham, the former president, was toppled in 1977. Mancham has more money than brains, and that combination has proved the undoing of several plots, the most recent of which occurred a fortnight ago when two of the plotters blew themselves up with one of their own devices.

The plot of last November ended just as disastrously. On 25 November, the day after van der Westhuizen's meeting with State Department officials in the US, a group of 53 mercenaries, led by Mike Hoare, were involved in a gunfight at the Seychelles airport, after weapons they were bringing into the country for their attack were inadvertently discovered.

Seychelles officials have accused the Reagan Administration of knowing about that plan in advance and of providing covert assistance. At his subsequent trial in South Africa, Hoare claimed that the CIA had been aware of his plan, but that the agency had been too 'timid' at the time to back him. Reported rumours of 'trouble in the Seychelles' and of unspecified CIA plots in the Indian Ocean were circulating in Washington during Hoare's preparations between July and September.

Whether or not claims of US foreknowledge and covert involvement are true, Kirkpatrick's reaction at the UN – immediately after her birthday gift and General Westhuizen's greetings had been delivered – was a determined defence of the South Africans. According to officials who were involved at the UN, Kirkpatrick tried at first to prevent a resolution from being considered by the Security Council on the grounds that what had happened was an 'internal problem' for the Seychelles. She refused to acknowledge that outside mercenaries were involved, or that South Africa itself might be implicated. In the final form in which a resolution was approved, on 15 December, its text omitted any reference to South Africa.

General van der Westhuizen has one more reason to be grateful to Kirkpatrick and the Reagan Administration. A week after his February 1982 visit, the Administration announced a major revision of its export controls on trade with South Africa. Under the new rules, the majority of South African government agencies were permitted to import US goods without special export licenses and reviews. During the Carter Administration these had been required for all US exports to South African government bodies. Another rule change allowed computer equipment to be exported to the South African military.

Ambassador Kirkpatrick's birthday is coming up again soon. Those who gave her last year's present have reason to be even more grateful to her for the help she has given over the past year. Perhaps this year she will declare what her gift, if any, has been. □

SPAIN

Rewinning the Civil War

David Gollob on the task Felipe Gonzales faces in modernising Spain and retaining the electorate's support

Madrid

THE STATE of the Spanish state inherited by Felipe González's triumphant Socialist Party can be likened to that of a diplapidated mansion bequeathed by an eccentric uncle: full of booby traps and secret passages, ghoulish butlers and the dust of centuries. Nearly ten million Spanish voters have decided it is time for a spring cleaning, and the team they have chosen has no illusions about the task.

That's why the PSOE's programme is pre-socialist, not socialist, explains Francisco Fernandez Ordoñez, leader of the Democratic Action Party (PAD) which ran in coalition with the PSOE. The way things are, reform will simply have to mean modernisation.

Sr Ornoñez, twice minister in UCD administrations (the Divorce Bill he pushed through as Minister of Justice cost him his place in the rightward swinging centre coalition), is the only member of the new team with first hand experience of government. He acknowledges that one of the booby traps lying in wait for the renovators of the Spanish state is its elephantine, corrupt and inefficient civil service.

The salaries of Spain's civil servants account for one-third of government spending. Yet thousands on the payroll never bother to show up for work. A civil servant holds his job for life, even years after his department may have ceased to exist, he frequently owes his appointment, either to the intercession of a relative, or services rendered to Fascist organisations. Getting the civil service back to work is a categorical imperative of pre-socialist reform. The danger is that the country's mandarins will do what they can to sabotage and obstruct.

Sr Ordoñez told the *New Statesman* that he, at least, is not worried. 'We Spaniards are in the habit of obeying whoever is in power. For centuries that has meant the Right. Today it's the Left, which is a bit of a shock, but I'm sure everyone will get used to it – even the bankers', he added, chuckling.

There is one task of investigation Felipe's right-hand man, Alfonso Guerra, has promised the nation he will undertake as a matter of utmost urgency: a thorough going investigation of all the past conspiracies aiming to overthrow the democratic system. If Guerra hopes to succeed where his predecessors have failed. His first step will have to be the re-organisation of the nation's secret services, infiltrated by the 'Golpistas' themselves.

Such infiltration meant that the outgoing Sotelo government was notoriously ill-informed about agitation and unrest in the army, while the 'anti-coup brigade' – one of the many rival branches of the intelligence services has distinguished itself by its ineptitude in tracking the civilian promoters of an impressive list of failed coup plots.

The chaotic intelligence situation has been aggravated by a campaign of mis-information, rumour-mongering and press hoaxes, apparently orchestrated by those with access to classified information. This campaign grew as the election neared.

One incident nearly led to serious bloodshed. Throughout the day of 19 October, rumours of a possible commando attack on the King's residence, the Zarzuela, circulated widely. No-one dares dismiss such rumours, for ever since the night when Tejero stormed the Cortes and King Juan Carlos personally ordered a rebellious general to remove his tanks from Valencia, it has been clear that any successful coup attempt, would have to be over the monarch's 'neutralised' body. The 27 October plot had indeed included a plan to shell the Zarzuela.

Just before midnight on the 19th, a military convoy containing motorised artillery units made an unscheduled appearance in the vicinity of the Zarzuela. The 2,500-strong Royal Guard was on maximum alert.

The soldiers were ordered to open fire, if the convoy came within 100 metres of their positions. Luckily, the convoy continued on it way, and an incident was avoided. But who had authorised the convoy's route? Why couldn't military authorities in Madrid explain, when asked by the Zarzuela, what the convoy was doing there? How is that the rumour-mongerers knew (when others did not) that the convoy was going to appear that evening?

The consequences of an armed incident between different parts of the armed forces, whether 'accidental' or not, could have been catastrophic. 'Golpista' agitators within the army would certainly have blamed the incident on a 'treacherous' King, using it to undermine loyalty to the figure of the monarch and to the generals who answer to him.

Though the generals have never stood out as 'friends of democracy' those behind the 27 October coup attempt had planned to 'neutralise' them too. The fact that the military establishment has now itself been threatened in this way is one small reason to hope that a serious effort to eradicate 'Golpismo' from Spain's armed forces once and for all may be made by the Socialists.

One secret document, supposedly leaked to the press by the anti-coup brigade once again alleges CIA and Chilean-Argentinian collusion in the coup conspiracies. The American Embassy vociferously denies such allegations, yet Ambassador Terence Todman, whose suspicious behaviour on the night of 23 February lost him the confidence of Spanish officials, is expected to be re-

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placed when the Socialists take power on 2 December and Ronald Estes, CIA Bureau Chief in Madrid, has, according to embassy sources, already left the country.

Those who are sceptical about rumours of secret American dealings point out that González is not an Allende; and that the destabilisation of Spain would be counter to American interests in Europe. However, Felipe González can be counted on to honour his promise to freeze Spanish entry into NATO until the country has approved it by referendum, which it is unlikely to do. No-one has ever quit the Atlantic Alliance before, and it is conceivable that pressure will be brough to bear on Spain – of some kind – if it tries. The US has already sent out a warning signal about keeping etc, military bases on the Iberian Peninsula. The Socialists' dream of a non-aligned Spain will not be easy to achieve.

The Americans will also not be pleased by the Socialists' determination to support the struggle for human rights and democracy in Latin America. They can expect more embarrassing diplomatic initiatives, like the joint Franco-Mexican declaration on El Salvador, for Spain is even better placed than France as a champion of freedom and self-determination in the Spanish-speaking world.

President Mitterrand and Felipe will not always speak as one. Mitterrand is unlikely to trade the votes of French farmers, expert at overturning Spanish fruit lorries, for the ideological bonus of easing a fellow socialist nation into the EEC. As in 1936, when left-wing governments coincided in both countries, French support is unlikely to amount to much.

As his 'first hundred day' honeymoon with Spain's bankers and industrialist begins to run out, Felipe González will be aware of the hard international and financial problems that face him. However, there are ten million Spaniards behind him who believe that not just the Left, but the whole country, lost the civil war. Fellipe has captured their enthusiasm and imagination. Will he know how to hold on to it? □

UNION BUSTING

Knuckles to briefcases

Alex Gerlis looks at the growth of union busting in the USA and its spread to Britain

THE FIRM putting out the brochure entitled 'Maintaining your union free status – a seminar for enlightened employers' is part of what is now widely seen and described as the number one growth industry in the United States – union busting. Such firms have grown over the past decade and have flourished under Reagan. They are causing the American trade unions major problems, so much so that the AFL-CIO has set up a special department to deal with them. And there are strong indications that they and their tactics are crossing the Atlantic.

At this year's TUC in Brighton the AFL-CIO Fraternal Delegate, John Sweeney of the Service Employees Union, referred to the US health service as being predominantly in the hands of private corporations. He said:

> The corporations hire sophisticated consultant firms to break our unions and to deny workers their rights. Before you dismiss all of this as problems that are of little concern to you, let me tell you that the largest and most notorious of these anti-union firms – called Modern Management – last year opened a London office. And that the largest and most anti-union of our hospital corporations – Hospital Corporations of America – two months ago bought six more hospitals here in Great Britain and is building a hospital right now in Southampton.

The 'enlightened' US employers who will pay around $400 (about £250) to attend a two or three-day consultants' seminar will be told in some detail how to prevent unionisation of their workplace and how to eliminate it if it is already there. They will be part of a long tradition of concerted anti-trade union activity in the United States, where physical violence and intimidation is almost an accepted occupational hazard for union organisers. But, increasingly, the brass knuckles of the union busters have been replaced by the union busters of the Eighties who style themselves as 'labor management consultants'.

These consultants find American industrial relations law particularly vulnerable. Under US Federal law a National Labor Relations Board is empowered to organise and supervise a workplace election where at least 30 per cent of the employees (excluding managers and supervisors, who cannot join unions) have signed a card to say that they want to be represented by a particular union. Another union can enter the ballot as long as at least one card is signed in its favour.

In the election the employees can vote either for one of the unions or for no union at all. If they vote by a simple majority for no union at all, then union attempts at organisation are over, for at least a year. If they vote for a union, then the election will continue until one union has a clear majority. When a union wins an election, all the employees are obliged to join within 30 days or else lose their jobs.

On the face of it this system of elections seems to present a clear-cut and even acceptable form in which unions can organise. The reality is very different. In fact, such a structured system makes it easier for management to counter union recruitment campaigns. Although the NLRB is supposed to supervise the elections and make sure that there are no malpractices, underhand methods are rife. Resort to the courts by employers to stall elections is common in a country where there are over half a million lawyers (proportionately, about four times higher than in the UK). The NLRB is not an enforcement agency. It has to go to the courts itself to gain a judicial decision and this can take years. Labor management consultants are experts in these delaying tactics.

One union organiser, with the Office and Professional Employees Union in New York, described the elections to me as 'a terrible system'. You can see why. In 1935 the unions were winning over 90 per cent of the elections. This had fallen to just under 70 per cent by 1970. Today, after more than a decade in which the new-style union busters have had a chance to establish themselves, the unions are winning only just over 40 per cent of the elections and the degree of union organisation in the American workforce has fallen to around 23 per cent – less than half that in Britain.

ONE ASPECT of preventative union busting is what is perhaps misleadingly termed 'positive labor relations'. It is based on the assumption that a happy worker will not feel the need to join a trade union and that unions flourish where there is bad management. The AFL-CIO describe this form of union busting as 'killing your union with kindness'.

The seminar is the major weapon in the armoury of preventative union busting. Seminars are held in every US city and are big business. 'If preventative programs are not established NOW you may well wind up with a new managing partner, a Union!' writes the Chairman of the Board of the West Coast Industrial Relations Association in his introduction. The brochure analyses in detail union recruitment techniques, and why they might be successful, details the 'high cost of unionism' and describes how to go about 'making a union unnecessary'.

Much of this is based on eliminating the conditions that make the union necessary, but considerations such as the location of facilities (i.e. don't build your new factory in a community that is sympathetic to unions) and the hiring of new staff are not forgotten. Thus, the manager is advised to 'avoid' hiring over-qualified applicants, those with 'unrealistic wage and promotion expectations', 'leader types', people in debt, or with marital problems and people who are prestige seekers or are frustrated. The manager is also warned to be sceptical 'of hiring the young swinger'. 'If upon asking what he does over the weekend he advises you he really swings, chances are he is too immature to work for you. The youngest member of a family of more than one child should be carefully questioned in this regard.'

Once a union starts showing interest in a recruitment target the gloves come off, although one union organiser told me that some consultants are so subtle the unions do not even know they are there. One of the

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largest union-busting firms is Modern Management Methods. One of their preferred tactics during a union election is to set up a 'Vote No' committee. In a recent white collar campaign a Vote No committee of six people was set up, which circulated all employees with a letter asking them if they would like to be associated with that committee. Another letter then came round with more signatures on it, again asking for more people to associate themselves with the anti-union campaign. More editions of the letter appeared, each time with more names on it until it contained a majority of employees' names. The panic effect thus pays off and the election is lost by the union.

Although union busters train management to counter the unions they can be ruthless with management too. One firm, Sheridan Associates, is known to be given the authority to go into a company with a massive education programme for managers, whom it has the power to dismiss if in their opinion a particular manager is not up to an anti-union campaign.

The fact that a union has just won an election – or has been established in a firm for some time – is no deterrent to union busters. They will advise management on how to stop unions winning contracts or help in a decertification election. The number of decertification elections rose from 301 in 1970 to 849 in 1977.

MANY AMERICAN companies in this country are likely to have used American tactics to prevent unionisation. Texas Instruments have resisted union attempts at organising their Bedford factory with some success. British unions should not be too surprised. In the US the United Auto Workers spent over $10 million on one recruitment drive at Texas Instruments, and they could not even get an election. ITT and IBM are both known to have documents circulating among their managers in Britain outlining their companies' policy on unions. The white collar union APEX found the American Express head office in Brighton using highly sophisticated anti-union recruitment literature and believe a special firm was brought in. The SDP's and Tebbit's proposals on union elections and the closed shop play conveniently into the hands of US experts, trained in managing similar elections in the US.

One of the problems about union busting is that it is difficult to define. Technically, any activity by management that seeks to undermine unions can be a form of union busting, but it implies a degree of sophistication and strategy. For example, on 30 June the *Daily Telegraph* reported that a letter sent out by BR Chairman Sir Peter Parker to all 225,000 BR employees during the rail dispute was partially drafted by a Mr Tommy Thompson, the head of Opinion Research and Communications. The *Telegraph* item said: 'The agency was responsible for writing the "final threat" closure of British Leyland for Sir Michael Edwardes, Chairman, which persuaded the workforce to accept a low pay offer without disruptive action.' The report said: 'The agency also carries out secret staff surveys for management'. Similar techniques have been used by British Steel management.

For the past six years the chairman of the Right to Work Committee, Reed Larsen, has flown 30 Americans over to Britain where they hold a seminar at St George's House, Windsor. The idea of these seminars (or 'consultations', as they are called) is for American politicians, businessmen and Right to Work lobbyists to be lectured by British speakers on the trade union scene in the UK. This spring the speakers included a Government minister, the head of a nationalised industry, two well-known members of the very right-wing Freedom Association and, as a token gesture, a (left-wing) trade union leader.

I was told by an academic who has addressed one of these 'consultations' that his impression was that they are 'economic flat-earthers with a very primitive anti-trade union attitude that is almost a religious zeal'. He says that he felt he was in a 'dialogue with the deaf' and for the first time was confronted 'with an ideology that has no room for organised labour'. Both the style and content of the present government's policy on trade unions suggest that this ideology is finding some expression in Britain. Reed Larsen, incidentally, has a signed photo of Mrs Thatcher in his Virginia office. □

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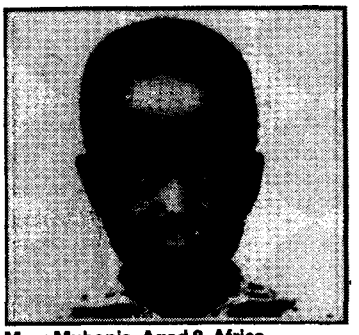
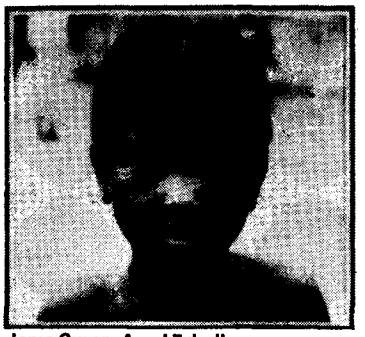
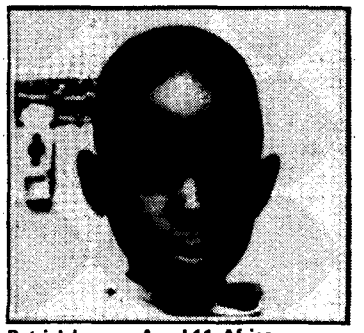


Mary Muhonja, Aged 8, Africa
Mary's father is dead and her mother has deserted the family

Guruswammy, Aged 6, India
Guru's parents' monthly income cannot support the family of 6



Jema Suren, Aged 7, India
Jema and her five brothers and sisters struggle to survive on their small plot of land



Patrick Inguza, Aged 11, Africa
Patrick is one of 7 children and their aged parents have great difficulty providing food from the rocky soil

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BRETECHER

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I know you must have heard this so often, I mean everyone must tell you, but I adored your book
I doesn't matter how often it's said it's what goes on one to one that's so interesting
I think you're fantastic... what you write is my life exactly
I just write how we all can't face up to what our bodies are telling us
yes, that's it! I've been denying it for years and now I'm beginning to...
I'm always very moved by the secret complicity we women have
your book is written in the first person but are you really writing about yourself?
oh yes absolutely I had that book inside me and I had a physical need to bring it out
yes, I have a real need too but not what you'd call a creative need
but every form of expression is creative in the sense that it's the interpretation of an individual reality if you like
what really knocked me out was your relationship with your analyst because at the moment I'm in exactly the same situation
yes well no two cases are exactly alike and that's what I'm trying to focus on... the paradox of the whole concept of objectivity
yes, I mean when you take his penis in your mouth
yes well... that's just a symbol what's important is the conflict engendered by the desire to possess
your name is?
that's what happened when I took his penis in my...
yes well... er... you know no two experiences are alike...
your name is?
Robyn, Robyn with a 'y' I'm also starting to write
oh?
thank you again for what you do when my book comes out I'll send it to you
that's sweet of you
Esther Smythe
TIES
VIRAGO
I've got a confession to make: I adddore your book
BRETECHER

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LETTERS

Labour's divisions

Donald Roy, London SW15

David Selbourne (*NS* 22 October) is prone to despair too soon, whether of Indian democracy or the British labour movement. This does not detract from the clarity and value of his analysis but it does provoke doubt with regard to his prescriptions.

The 'Right'/'Left' distinction within Labour does indeed obscure matters. The contradiction between those representing the male manual worker (usually also white and heterosexual) and other parts of the labour movement is much more important and intense.

It is particularly acute now. The male manual worker has been the principal victim of deflation and deindustrialisation over the last decade and especially the last three years. Employees in the non-trading public sector have been largely spared while middle-class professionals (including Labour Party members like this writer) have actually done rather well.

It is understandable that a group which has suffered disproportionately should react both defensively and with some justified anger – all the more so since articulate activists in other parts of the movement have largely ignored its fate. To rub salt into fresh wounds, as David Selbourne appears to recommend, would risk reproducing the American pattern of working-class alienation and consequent abstention from politics.

There is an alternative approach available. This would be to point out gently but firmly that while the male manual worker is an essential component in any coalition of the democratic left, a movement founded solely on him could not command even the plurality of votes necessary to safeguard his most basic interests and rights. David Selbourne's proletarians cannot defend themselves effectively without allies. They need women, minorities, the 'new service class' of the non-trading public sector and even a smallish sprinkling of middle-class professionals (though better in the traditions of the Fabians than transplants from the *Rive Gauche!*) not only on but at their side. That means a serious attempt to find common ground in terms of immediate and specific proposals, while leaving theory and values to historical processes, which may in time and appropriate material circumstances change consciousness.

It needs a framework for co-operation at both local and national level, preferably an organisation with procedures robust enough to accommodate conflicts of values and perceptions. Fortunately, one exists already. It is called the British Labour Party.

Ten years in the red

Martin Eve, Merlin Press, London E14

In the article on radical publishing (*NS* 29 October) David Berry writes: 'Merlin was formed in the Fifties and had ties with the Labour Party'.

The date is right, but the rest is wrong – doubly wrong. In our early years we were translating the work of Marxists such as Ernest Mandel and Georg Lukacs; it is news to me that they were political allies of Hugh Gaitskell. The Labour Party has moved a bit our way since then, but we still have no ties with it. Nor with any other organisation. Our role as a politically and financially independent press has made it possible for us to publish the work of 'dissidents' (of East and West) and produce our annual *Socialist Register* where there are no constraints on the diversity of views expressed.

Having supplied that erratum slip, can I make a more general point? It has become customary to discuss radical publishing in terms of commercial success. Obviously we all set great store on survival, but most people in radical publishing or bookselling don't measure success in terms of sales figures and balance sheets. If we did, we should probably move away from an area where there is a tendency to overproduction and more than a tendency toward underconsumption.

Figures of death

J. H. Martin, Dundee

My attention has been drawn to the article by Duncan Campbell (*NS* 1 October) where he lashed out at alleged Home Office incompetence to such an extent that I wonder how this country survived before he grew up!

Extravagant statements such as his are easily made if one does not have to justify them to a critical and informed reader. The danger of statements of this type is that they are accepted as having validity and another nail is driven into the coffin of public confidence in official organisations, from the police to the Foreign Office, on whose work the stability of our country depends – a process that can end in anarchy. It is important, therefore, that Mr Campbell's statements are not necessarily taken at their face value.

Let me illustrate. He claims that in its calculation the HO has used an operational evaluation dose (OED) which 'is based on a figure for radiation at the LD50 level effectively ⅓ higher than the level generally accepted by radiobiologists . . .' This is meaningless. The OED concept takes account of the body's ability to repair radiation damage when the exposure is protracted beyond the few hours in which the first of two recovery mechanisms involved will have become effective. The OED gives the indication of the 'radiation state' of an individual exposed. Thus for an exposure protracted over, say, five days, an individual could receive 600 rads and survive while such a dose given in a few minutes would almost certainly kill him.

Next we are told that the HO proposed to revise the LD50 upwards by another ⅓. From what present value to what new value does Mr Campbell think it is being raised? Of course, he is wrong again. The HO has not proposed anything of the kind – it has asked for advice, from scientists qualified in the subject, as to what, in the light of recent studies, the value should now be. No doubt if the HO has not done this, by now Mr Campbell would have been heavily critical of it for failing to keep its information up to date.

(*Ed. note.* LD50 is the level of lethal dose at which 50 per cent of those exposed are assumed to die.)

Duncan Campbell writes:

Professor Martin omits to mention that he is a Home Defence Regional Scientific Adviser, and a leading member of the working party which advised the Home Office to revise downwards by a third its estimates of casualty and injury levels from nuclear radiation in war. These findings are highly controversial. Over four months ago I asked the Home Office to make public the scientific papers describing the basis of these changes. I repeated this request to Home Office officials at a recent scientific meeting at which Professor Martin spoke. Nothing has so far been provided or published for the normal purposes of review by the scientific community at large. If Professor Martin and his co-workers are not prepared to publish the basis of their conclusions in the normal manner, they should not be surprised that observers remain in doubt about the validity of their conclusions.

All in a name

J. M. Ireland, London WC1

One of the many dangers of the kind of intellectual arrogance displayed in your editorial (29 October) is the possibility of looking very silly when you make an error. Thus, before criticising Mrs Thatcher for narrow reading, it would be advisable to check the name of the economist concerned with building a general equilibrium model. It was Leon Walras, not Walrus.

The matter with Britain

Andrew McCulloch, Newcastle upon Tyne

Bernard Crick makes a valiant, but ultimately unconvincing, attempt (Letters, 29 October) to defend Weber's position on charisma against the usage made of it by Samuel Beer. I, too, have difficulty in conceiving of a dreary but important virtue like integrity being charismatic, for personal characteristics cannot be charismatic, only whole persons and their actions.

But the real point is surely that the term denotes an attempted fusion of the personal and social-structural which fails miserably. Weber was notoriously vague about the conditions through which charisma is achieved (there *are* structural conditions for its appearance and maintenance), and Professor Crick would have done better to take Beer to task for using the concept at all, precisely because it invites the kind of intellectual sloppiness that Crick complains of.

Who's having a party?

Dr Brian G. Holder, Chairman, Widnes Division Conservative Association, Widnes, Cheshire

I looked at your 'Miscellany' column (15 October) with scepticism. My Constituency Party, Widnes, did *not* handpick our six representatives entitled to go to the Brighton Conference. To the contrary, the high cost of travel and hotels, and the problem of arranging holidays, in order to get time off, made it difficult to fill all our six seats. In the event we did find six volunteers but I could not be released from my employment – nor would I expect to be. I hope that you print this letter to show the difficulties experienced by Northern Conservative Associations when the Conference is in the South.

Cheers for Auntie May

Marie-Thérèse Lecheminant, Cheltenham

I see that Mr John McVicar (*NS* 29 October) is not getting his nickers in a twist, and supports our present government in condoning the light-fingered touch for pensioners. As an economical alternative to a viable pension, the policy can hardly be bettered.

Nicking, and not getting nicked, both marvellously concentrates the mind, and has the additional advantage of making adrenalin flow and bowels work, thus postponing the hardening of arteries and extending the years during which we can continue to burden the State. Who knows, some of us may even survive long enough to see an increased Death Grant. Cheers, Auntie May, I raise my glass to you!

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D. W. Hamlyn

Live issues

Philosophy in the Twentieth Century
A. J. AYER *Weidenfeld* £12.50

Camera Press

A. J. Ayer says in the preface to his new book that he conceived it as a sequel to Bertrand Russell's *History of Western Philosophy*. Russell's book, to judge by what is admittedly a rather casual survey, seems to be one *something* of which nearly every moderately educated person with some interest in philosophy has read. It is also a book which has been totally disregarded by the professionals. I suspect that much the same will turn out to be true of Ayer's sequel, although if any contemporary philosopher is the one to take on Russell's mantle it is surely Ayer.

In this book he has chosen to consider 20th-century philosophy in a way which, with some exceptions, is very much a reflection of his own interests. That is to say that his decision to consider a given philosopher seems to depend very much on whether that philosopher has written on an issue on which Ayer too has had something to say. Hence one is given the impression, no doubt an accurate one in some respects, that one is looking in on a debate between Ayer and those philosophers whom he has known and found interesting during the present century.

The exceptions come in the chapters on R. G. Collingwood and the more European-based movements of phenomenology and existentialism. The fact that a whole chapter is devoted to Collingwood is perhaps surprising. Although Collingwood has in the past had something of a vogue in certain quarters, especially in relation to the philosophy of history and the philosophy of art, he is in general at present an unfashionable figure and not one to whom one would have expected Ayer to give so much space. But Collingwood had a place in Oxford when Ayer was a young man, and Ayer himself suggests that he personally might have been responsible for the appearance of Collingwood's *Essay on Metaphysics* as a kind of reaction to his own, then notorious *Language, Truth and Logic*.

The chapter on phenomenology and existentialism reads like something of a 'duty chapter', meant, as he says in the preface, 'to diminish what might appear to be a bias in favour of Anglo-Saxon thought'. Ayer is clearly not happy here, and although he gives pride of place to Merleau-Ponty 'as the best representative of this philosophical trend', what emerges is something seen through a glass very darkly. On the other hand, if this is a 'duty chapter', Ayer's sense of duty does not extend to a coverage of those philosophers who have been primarily moral philosophers. There is *some* moral philosophy in the book, but largely because the philosophers concerned – Moore, Prichard and, perhaps rather surprisingly, C. I. Lewis – were well known for other things too. Recent ethics is totally ignored. That might well be the right response, considered as a judgment on recent ethics, but when taken along with other omissions – political philosophy and aesthetics, to give just two examples – it may seem to some to provide a distorted view of contemporary philosophy.

Nevertheless, the book offers a fair conspectus of the philosophers, if not the philosophies, of the period seen from an Anglo-Saxon perspective. I say philosophers and not philosophies for reasons that I have already given and because it cannot be denied that some of the accounts of the philosophy of those discussed suffer from distortion. We have a Russell with very little of his logical atomism, a Wittgenstein who in his later thought is confined largely to the opening pages of his *Philosophical Investigations*, and a Strawson whose only claim to fame is his emphasis on the concept of a person. All this is the product of principles of selection dictated by Ayer's concern to continue the debate with his fellows on themes that interest *him*. So the book is in some ways less a history of philosophy than a philosophical reflection on the period from one who has had a notable place in it.

In this latter respect, Ayer's account of Logical Positivism and the Vienna Circle is perhaps the most interesting part of the book, especially when considered as an account of an important intellectual movement. Ayer was very much part of that movement and one gets a sense of one still very much involved in it, even if most of its figures are now dead and its philosophy part of history. Other, more recent figures get shorter shrift and their devotees will no doubt complain.

It will appear from what I have said that one would be wise to approach the book, as one should in the case of Russell's *History* too, on the basis that it is as much philosophical autobiography as history – an Ayerian slant on recent philosophical history or some of it. That in some respects determines the order of events. One passes from one philosopher to another because of the kind of themes that these philosophers are associated with in Ayer's mind. Thus the later Wittgenstein comes eventually to suggest to Ayer something about relativism, and that makes it obvious for this to be followed by a discussion of Carnap, despite the fact that Carnap is in most other respects poles apart from the later Wittgenstein. Only then does one return to Ryle who is much closer to Wittgenstein in most respects.

I suspect that many readers will find the book hard going, though it is not likely, as I have said, to appeal to the professionals. Much in any case of the content has been presented before, with greater rigour and at greater length, in earlier books by Ayer. Still the book has at present few rivals, and if someone wants an account, if a somewhat personal one, of what has been going on during the last eighty years in certain central parts of philosophy he will undoubtedly find something here. Ayer is after all a major philosophical figure in the period and the issues that he discusses are all live issues for him – as indeed they should be in general. For that reason alone the book should attract attention. Professionals may quarrel over the emphases, the relative amounts of space given to different people, the omissions and perhaps the inaccuracies, and so on. But that is the fate of books of this kind.

Ayer begins his book with a kind of defence of philosophy itself against the charge that it makes no progress. It is an elaborate defence and ends with the claim that the phrase 'study of evidence' is the one that best captures the stage to which philosophy has progressed. That seems to me too wide a notion to be illuminating, and it is more than doubtful whether it does justice to the facts. What ought to emerge from Ayer's own pages is the extent to which argument and counter-argument provide the life-blood of the subject. If there is a question about what constitutes progress in philosophy it is in that context that one ought to look for an answer. If Ayer's treatment of the issues gets that message over, despite what he has to say in the preface, that will be something in itself that might be called 'progress'. □

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FICTION
Marion Glastonbury

Too grateful

Schindler's Ark
THOMAS KENEALLY *Hodder* £7.95

In 1944, Mrs Clara Sternberg, an inmate of Auschwitz, decided that she could bear no more, and asked a friend to direct her to the electric wires. 'Don't kill yourself on the fence, Clara,' the woman urged her. 'If you do that, you'll never know what happened to you.'

To conceive of the unendurable present as part of a story with a significant plot and uncertain outcome presupposed an outside world of shared meanings and moral continuity. It assumed human recognition; a day of reckoning. Because the Holocaust provides an objective correlative of Hell, outstripping the craziest nightmares and the cruellest dreams, the imagination is constantly challenged, and soon exhausted, by the effort of grasping it. As we know from government archives, Whitehall officials refused to credit what were described as 'the exaggerations . . . of these wailing Jews'. In the face of strained credulity and closed minds, new words are always needed. But any novelist who attempts to do justice to these facts comes up against the limitations of his own creative vision and energy, while feeling confined by the limitations of literature itself.

The winner of this year's Booker Prize is justly famed for its origins. *Schindler's Ark* is based on the wartime recollections of 50 Jews, now living in Israel, America, Australia and Europe thanks to their timely transfer as slave labour to a factory where 'the soup was thick enough to sustain life'.

The joint testimony of these survivors has been tirelessly researched, skilfully assembled, scrupulously checked. The narrative sequence of flashbacks, clues and forecasts mingles suspense and shock with an immediacy unattainable through the settled hindsight of history. In delivering successive moments of experience, the novelist selectively defers the realisation of where they lead . . . We know from the outset that certain individuals will escape death: the battered housemaid of the Plaszow Commandant; the violinist whose rendering of a sentimental tune persuades a drunken officer to suicide . . . But which of the children shown lurking in the rafters and crouching in the latrines will get out alive?

The strength and purpose of the book lies in what the victims have to tell us. Pfefferberg, Keneally's principal collaborator, recalls the eloquent movement of exhumed bodies on pyres, 'sitting up, throwing the burning logs away, their limbs reaching, their mouths opening for a last utterance'.

All the memories of Keneally's informants converge in the person of Oskar Schindler, and it is here that misgivings arise. The author portrays the hardware manufacturer not only as the centre of the action but as the natural heir to an apocalyptic destiny: a life-enhancing figure. Schindler was a hard-drinking Sudeten German, an Abwehr Intelligence agent and motorcycling enthusiast, who came to Krakow in 1939 in order to profit from the expropriation of Jewish businesses. Not surprisingly, he succeeded. His plan to house workers in his own industrial compound with a minimum of military interference was first prompted by anger at lost man-hours when ghetto-dwellers were forced to shovel snow from city streets.

Keneally specifically denies any intention of canonising Schindler and claims to be on his guard against restrospective myths. But, by identifying Schindler with redemptive virtue, casting him in the balance against monstrous evil, citing the Talmud's 'Righteous of the Nations', Keneally turns chronicle into panegyric and elevates the Direktor to a dignity unsustained by evidence. Indeed, he repeats only grudgingly the allegations of former shopkeepers that the usurper beat them up.

All charm on the surface, all benevolence within, Schindler shines in the reflected glory of 'lustrous limousines' and 'dazzling boots', jewels, cognac, cigars. Much is made of his flamboyant style, impeccable taste, conviviality and sexual magnetism. Keneally rightly eschews invention and implies that, in the interpretation of motives, our guess may be as good as his. He adduces as proof of Schindler's charisma the apparent absence of jealousy on the part of his many mistresses. How they must have loved him! Or else – and surely this is more likely – favoured protégées of high-ranking Nazis knew better than to complain of infidelity. Should we infer from Schindler's wealth that he was gifted with entrepreneurial flair and brilliance – or merely with matchless opportunities for plunder, extortion and bribery? The fictional Schindler gets the benefit of every doubt.

The real Schindler owed his reputation for mercy and munificence to the company he kept. In the society of mass-murderers, the racketeer passes for a man of principle, distinguished only by the enormity of *their* crimes. These continue to defy analysis. 'Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?' Understandably at a loss, Keneally reverses the question and proposes, in effect, his own enigma: 'What lies behind this daring conscience, this exceptional compassion, this marvellous lack of race-hatred and blood-lust?' From here it is a short step to the mystic notion of divine grace working through the usual Catholic channels: a child-like hedonist, wayward prodigal, sensual adventurer and whisky-priest-equivalent is seized with a desire for souls 'in the absolute passion that characterised the exposed and flaming heart of the Jesus that hung on Emilie's wall'. Sceptics may regret this apotheosis as another defeat for rational enquiry. □

BIOGRAPHY
Jonathan Mirsky

Making it

Stranger and Brother
PHILIP SNOW *Macmillan* £8.95

In 1964, Harold Macmillan invited C.P. Snow, whom he published, to the Ritz and offered him anything he liked, 'on or off the menu'. When Snow opted for a poached egg Macmillan was clearly disappointed, so his guest asked if he could change his mind. The ex-prime minister brightened. Snow then said, 'I'll have *two* poached eggs on toast, please.'

This story, told by Philip, Snow's adoring younger brother, sums up the lower-middle class boy from Leicester who became a lord. It displays his love of the powerful and their trappings, and also his own helplessness in the physical world, where he failed as a scientist because he was so clumsy.

Although he died only two years ago, it is already hard to remember the shambling untidy man who gave us the phrase Corridors of Power and also trod them. A provincial to the end, he became a friend of both Harolds, Macmillan and Wilson, got his K and a Ministership of State, collected 30 honorary degrees from Brooklyn Polytechnic to Rostov-on-Don, and wrote the 11-volume Strangers and Brothers series, of which *The Masters* may still be read ten years from now. He was also savaged by Leavis for publicising the idea of the 'two cultures'.

C.P. Snow loved money (he left almost three hundred thousand pounds) and was fascinated by other people's incomes though rarely disclosed his own. He longed for the Nobel Prize, the OM, and membership of the Royal Society, none of which came his way, nor did a single honorary degree from a first-rate university, although he collected nearly everything else, from the presidency of the British Migraine Association to an Honorary Fellowship at the Hatfield Polytechnic.

Indeed, it is impossible to describe Snow without listing his 'achievements', a task meticulously performed by Philip, the solid, dependable county-class cricketer who spent years helping rule Fiji.

But it is a bad sign for an author when we concentrate on matters outside his craft, and Leavis rated Snow a poor novelist, as did the critics in the *New Statesman*, *TLS* and other 'coterie' journals, as Snow called them while smarting terribly from their arrows. He was delighted that Prince Philip liked his books.

But it is the not-so-famous Snow who fascinates, and Philip, in the plainest of language, lets us see him most usefully by disclosing the letters C.P. sent him, knowing that eventually they would be used for a posthumous biography.

When he was a Fellow of Christ's at Cam-

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bridge, C.P. and his brother played 3,396 games of pingpong. It took two hours a day for four years and they recorded all the scores. In the laboratory, however, Snow was so cack-handed and made such a spectacular non-discovery of how to manufacture Vitamin A that he promptly abandoned science altogether, although he was to pontificate about it for decades.

His political judgments varied. He was sure until well into the war, in which he made friends with the mighty by recruiting scientists for top-level military research, that either the Nazis would win or there would be an endless stalemate. But he foresaw, too, that the Russians would never forgive the West for allowing them to take most of the casualties, and predicted 30 years of cold war.

Snow staggered through convulsive, deeply passionate and covert affairs. Simultaneously head-over-heels and brutal, he was tortured by the lying and play-acting, especially in one prolonged double-barrelled tragi-comedy. These matters are revealed in the long honest letters to his brother.

What remains almost secret but emerges briefly in one letter and an explanatory footnote-like paragraph from Philip, is Snow's long liaison with his secretary, Anne Seagrim. Snow broke this off in 1950 when he married Pamela Hansford Johnson, but resumed it seven years later. Anne Seagrim, Philip reports, his mother and his wife, 'were the predominant women in Snow's life'. He primly observes that the long adultery brought about no estrangement between his brother and his wife, 'indeed, Pamela was unaware of it.'

Snow wanted fame and he got it. In 1935 he set out to write his long Strangers and Brothers series. 'I believe it will be the making of me,' he told Philip, and he was still tinkering with it for a new edition 30 years later. He also alerted his mother to watch the Honours list when he got his CBE.

Later he justified accepting a knighthood, which writers rarely do. It was awarded for his official distinction, Snow assured Philip, which meant he should be compared with Trollope. 'People ought to realize that I've gone much farther in the public service than he ever did.'

Snow was a flatterer, a hanger-on of the truly powerful regardless of politics, and an authority on technology who could neither buckle a seatbelt nor mend a fuse.

But, as his brother shows, there was something ultimately loveable about a man who could watch television with his cat in his lap and say to it, 'Yes, Gabbo, you think Peter Carrington is a very sound man, don't you? We're all right in his hands, you feel? Yes, a very sound man, Gabbo dear.' □

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The Unofficial Trollope

BILL OVERTON *Harvester* £18.95

Official Trollope is a pompous mid-Victorian bureaucrat committed to the defence of what he imagines to be the status quo. If the established church is criticised for corruption, official Trollope comes in with some special pleading for the charm and value of so long-lasting an institution; if sexism and the double standard are attacked by 19th-century feminists, official Trollope affirms the inevitability of women's subordination; if the rights of the landed gentry to enjoy their power and leisure are questioned, official Trollope comes to their defence against what he sees as the vulgar and upstart claims of commerce. Official Trollope is an unappealing figure. He can be discovered in Trollope's occasional writings, and, frequently, in the authorial commentary of his novels, as in the opening pages of *Dr Thorne:*

> . . . If in western civilized Europe there does exist a nation among whom there are high signors and with whom the owners of the land are a true aristocracy, the aristocracy that is trusted as being best and fittest to rule, that nation is England . . .

It's difficult to make any claim for originality or insight in this example of reheated Burke, and hence Overton's argument for an unofficial Trollope, a figure who lives in the shadows of his imposing official counterpart, but who manages to score some points against him from time to time.

Overton traces this elusive figure across a wide range of Trollope's writing. The genesis of the unofficial Trollope is partly biographical. Trollope was the son of a family who experienced financial ruin, the Victorian equivalent of a fall from grace. He knew what it was like to be outside the charmed circle of wealth, rank and gentlemanly status, and the knowledge persisted even as Trollope worked with an obsessive and methodical ambition to re-enter, by way of a career as civil servant and author, the privileged world he had lost when young. Overton argues that the trace of this outsider's knowledge can be found in the novelist's ability to project the inner world of characters who are themselves alienated from the social order which the official Trollope underwrites. Evidence for the unofficial Trollope can be found at every stage of the novelist's career but it is also something that becomes more pronounced, so that, according to Overton, one of Trollope's last novels, *Mr Scarborough's Family*, displays a capacity to think 'beyond normal consciousness' not found in the novelist's earlier work.

As Overton acknowledges, the idea of a double perspective at work in 19th-century realist fiction is not new. In *Studies in European Realism* Lukacs argued that Balzac's engagement with the form of the realist novel enabled him to go beyond his official royalist beliefs to an unprejudiced representation of class conflict in early 19th-century France. A critic with very different political views to Lukacs, John Bayley, detected a conflict between authorial generalisation and the particular representation of character and scene in Tolstoy. The originality of Overton's study lies in its application of a version of this analysis to Trollope's fiction in particular.

The analysis is based upon an impressively detailed knowledge of the whole range of Trollope's writing. A wide range of reference is matched by a close reading of the function of narrative and character in some of Trollope's best known work. But problems begin with the question of what value to attribute to Trollopean doubleness once it has been discovered. This leads to an uncertain shifting between a traditional affirmation of the value of imaginatively apprehended particulars against formulaic abstractions and the more ambitious suggestion that Trollope's capacity to render particular characters and situations can be equated with a serious questioning in his fiction of the ideas and assumptions of the Victorian ruling class. His argument is advanced modestly, even sceptically, and that's not surprising because I don't think it can be sustained.

The positions of Trollope's fiction, moving between authoritarian dogma, a world-weary wisdom, the dictates of social conformity and a liberal concern for the pathos of the individual, are a fictional correlative to the alliance of different classes and class attitudes which formed Victorian hegemony. There were tensions in this hegemonic alliance, notably between landed aristocracy and new commercial wealth. Trollope reflected these tensions in his work and then supplied imaginary resolutions to them, both through the depiction of a particular ego ideal, the gentleman, and through elaborate plots which end up with the right people inheriting wealth. No doubt Trollope saw the sexual and political corruption that was part of Victorian hegemony. No doubt, too, he saw and sympathised with the individual suffering caused by this regime. But the show had to go on. Without it Trollope would have lost what he most valued, country houses and hunting. *The Unofficial Trollope* is a valuable addition to critical studies of the novelist, but it approaches its subject with a kind of seriousness which fails to see that Trollope's novels were, *mutatis mutandis*, a Victorian version of *Dallas*. □

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JOURNALISM
Francis Wheen

Class report

The Private Eye Story: The First 21 Years
PATRICK MARNHAM
Deutsch/Private Eye £7.95

One can construct a case against *Private Eye* quite easily. The magazine is anti-semitic and philistine. It doesn't check its facts. It is incapable of distinguishing between saints and sinners, and has therefore caused anguish to many innocent victims. Most of its jokes are pretty frayed.

The case for the defence is just as easy to present. Newspapers in Britain are, by and large, cowering, timorous beasties. Because of the lobby system, the laws of libel and a dozen other constraints, they are sunk in pusillanimity. Let us therefore praise *Private Eye*, which fearlessly exposes all sorts of wickedness – Poulson and T. Dan Smith, Reggie Maudling and Jerome Hoffman, Christian Barnard's heart transplants, BP's sanctions-busting, the Thorpe affair, the Helen Smith affair.

For most of the 21 years of *Private Eye*'s existence, the only reasonable judgment on the magazine has been one which accepts both the prosecution case and the defence case. But this may no longer be so. As James Fenton remarked some years ago, Richard Ingrams can hardly expect to be both Mr Valiant-for-Truth and Mr Anything-for-a-Giggle. In the past couple of years, with the notable exception of the Helen Smith story, Anything-for-a-Giggle seems to have forced Valiant-for-Truth into early retirement. As Patrick Marnham concedes, 'the values of Fleet Street began to influence those of the *Eye* . . . It too had friends to protect. It too was capable of misusing its considerable influence.'

Apart from this rather daring admission, Marnham's book is exceedingly kind about the *Eye* – as well it might be, since Marnham has been a regular contributor to the magazine since the 1960s. (The book is, by the way, extraordinarily badly written, and downright illiterate in some places.) He believes that Auberon Waugh's column is a stream of consciousness 'which thousands of readers recognise as their unexpressed, indeed carefully repressed, instinctive reactions'. Really?

Marnham argues that there are two views about news reporting, both of which have been represented in the *Eye*. The first, favoured by Auberon Waugh, is that 'the journalist decides what the story is and then "shepherds the facts", or such of them as are convenient, carefully towards the story'. The opposite view, according to Marnham, 'is that there are a limited number of facts, that with a great deal of hard work they can be discovered, that they will then reveal the truth and that this can then be published'. Marnham claims that 'this is the view adopted by Foot'.

Marnham's antithesis is completely bogus. The true difference between Paul Foot and Auberon Waugh is that Foot is a good journalist whereas Waugh is nothing more than a schoolboy throwing ink pellets in class. At *Private Eye* itself, the schoolboys are firmly in charge. □

Jamie McKendrick
from

Sorting office
(variations on a theme)

Great bales of correspondence, swag-bags
The guilty are supposed to sew, build up,
Elapse like haystacks in the dated bays
Wheat cheek by jowl with chaff;
Stashed treasure and dross;
The mauve and the buff.

*

Homing all those envelopes
Into the region-pigeon-holes
The eye gives up the 'who?' for 'where?'
But she did it! the sorting-girl, she found
A needle in the haystack
And knew it for her own.

*

That paper-mountain with slate-coloured screes
Could turn into a lifelong game
Of consequences, a Chinese civil
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DANCE
Stephanie Jordan

Bubbling over

IT IS TOUGH LUCK on that corporate glut of small dance groups, *Dance Umbrella '82*. Competition from other London events for audiences and, inevitably, press attention, is greater than last year. American Dance Machine, Royal Winnipeg Ballet, our own Royal Ballet have increased the economic and organisational restrictions. Yet audiences are generally large and, while the London season is jam-packed, the network of performing venues across the country is as complex as ever, with events over a wider geographical area, regional support enthusiastic and considerable.

Of course, the excitement of novelty is cooled by predictably uneven offerings – often devoid of humour, shown in one or two of London's least comfortable theatres – but its moments reward patience, even at 11 pm after a full half day of watching and waiting. It is in *Umbrella* and related events during the year that our choreographers of the future hide out, elusive creatures, and it is essential to support them and those more established choreographers (perhaps a contradiction in terms) who continue to take risks and explore the possibilities of novel structures.

Important British or British-based work this year sprouts mostly from two roots: Merce Cunningham and Dartington College. Both can muster superb performers. Of the former, Michael Clark, given *Umbrella*-style star treatment, splashed all over the publicity; Micha Bergese, director of Mantis Dance Company; Matthew Hawkins, ex-Royal Ballet and Second Stride dancer, all three experimenting with the techniques of Chance and Indeterminacy.

Hawkins presented by far the most useful work in the programme of British Independents, amid amiable party pieces by Quinny Sachs and the enigmatic *Adventures of Ulysses and his White Duck* by Tom Yang. In Hawkins's solo, *Advent II*, a phrase is turned in space, slowed, accelerated, transitions suddenly become emphatic, features enriched, enlarged and repeated. He finds some delicious potential in that phrase. In the trio, *Current Response*, limited material is presented in various permutations, clearly cued-in (glances tell) and set to an *Eastern Mantra* by Cabaret Voltaire.

But rules alone do not necessarily make good pieces nor do games set in motion. One of the most remarkable features of Cunningham is his unfailing theatrical instinct for the use of both chance and choice. The information in this trio was insufficient to justify its 40 minutes but Hawkins's gift for complexity and rigour is welcome, providing it does not finally overwhelm him. He is busy finding a vocabulary, too, one that best serves his own body, with generous arcs and curves, the energising of space behind a very open torso. Some of the movement emerges as the natural slowing, melting result of logical impulse.

Creative flow between staff and students at Dartington College is now well established, alumnae, alumni and teachers alike represented this year, including Kirstie Simson, Sue Maclellan, Rosemary Butcher and Libby Dempster. Influential ex-American Mary Fulkerson mounted a complete programme of work with two dancers and one piece, a haunting accumulation of extraordinary imagery. *Put Your Foot Down, Charlie* has Fulkerson out front of her husband Jim's band in unlikely Heavy Metal format: black leather and chains plus hand-mike. Narrator and, at times, dancer, her tale is dark, repeatedly adjuring this Charlie to get out, be dangerous and free, and describes an ancient woman with a beat-up Chevvie, a lonely house out of town and a weird menagerie: Kenneth Anger meets Hitchcock.

Two dancing characters, both in black, are the old woman herself, huddled and slow, and an awkward creature deafened by headphones, once a bird, a black raven with big feet, once a mouse, possibly even a myxomatosed rabbit. It soars and crouches, taps at the soles of sickled feet, claws the air, simulates *rigor mortis* and runs only in short bursts. Fulkerson's unsettling picture is distanced by the ritual of the meandering journey of the two characters, yet woken by the blast of fanfares and her odd solos as the bike-boy pummelling the air, the movement information received as the verbal commentary seems suddenly to link up with it. By contrast, her *The Same Story* is a Proustian odyssey through significant autobiographical events, a solo to constant narrative, private and, as they used to say, 'out of reach'.

American Steve Paxton (not a New Yorker), who teaches from time to time at Dartington, presented *Bound* (1981), 'sinuous/pendular systems', theatrical despite the manipulation of props and musical selection, seemingly unconnected by narrative or purpose. A seamless series of tableaux stems from his entry with Laurie Booth, two Godotesque figures wearing boxes suspended from their shoulders like cinema usherettes, bearing a camouflage material table, projecting slides through an ingenious construction of home-on-the-range, with rocking chair, cradle and plank walls, culminating in the depiction of a horizontal mineshaft. A large-scale set of planks reaches to the flies amid a cluster of cardboard packing cases. This plus the objects Paxton imports trigger off responsive choreography. Paxton's mastery in building structures during improvisation and in maintaining continuity and concentration across off-beat, jagged behaviour distinguishes both *Bound* and his other Umbrella work, *Part*.

Booth has been busy on *Constant Trouble*, for eleven Dartington students, the title reflecting the problems of tight scheduling and physical preparation. Not that the piece sug-

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gests this – a series, as it is, of happy, funny gags and tasks that show off individual and group. Fresh activity; fresh, mobile use of space.

Crazy Daisy and the Northern Lights allowed us to see Booth's own idiosyncratic angling, insinuating and tumbling. This is bound here by the story of Crazy Daisy, rag doll and victim of modern alienation, who travels, has a brief affair, conducts self-revealing telephone chats with a silent caller and finally finds solace in the curious image of the Northern Lights. Booth's one big solo at the work's core looks like improvisation, suggesting a crisis, a marked change of heart towards hopefulness. By no means resorting to straightforward narrative and using his resources imaginatively – tapes, lighting, speech, movement – he creates a personality for himself in relation to her (she is attached to his body in many different ways) either as outsider and manipulator; or the lover whom she caresses; or even an extension of the puppet herself. Narrative inconsistencies threw me, the rambling structure needs tightening, but the work is spectrally witty and moving.

Spiral Dance Company's programme was enlivened by Jonathan Burrow's new *Cloister*, to a setting of Old English texts by Edward Lambert. The dancers are a wanly-dressed community, an amoeba-like, rough and tumble cauldron of energy that lets solos fly out and re-coalesce.

New York critic Deborah Jowitt well perceived that the gentleness of recent English dances (Second Stride work included) which was their beauty could be their undoing. At the other extreme lies the undoing of New York dance. Precision, power, rigour are common descriptive words. Possibly New Yorkers are overworking themselves. The dancers are tougher, more flamboyant and more versatile than ours. Conscious of their pedigree, they exude the confidence that can will a piece through, hold the surface tight when the substance might be lacking.

Nina Wiener and Dancers bombard us with stamps, slaps and slamming falls and a little of the oozing, boneless snakings and controlled falling about that suggest her Tharp background. This works well in her *Kemo Sabe*, in which, after a cowgirl narrates the various uses of the bandanna, 'Western' imagery is caught up into dance phrases and a finely judged seated trio of boot-tapping, clapping and simulated galloping, designed by Linn Alison Walker. Wiener certainly has an eye for potential, for the nitty-gritty of theme and variation, canons, stretched and jammed-up fantasies on rhythm patterns. In the excerpts from *The Condor Material*, she gleans many fine ideas from translating three sequences of *port de bras* into leg phrases in collaboration with her dancers.

The dancers are brave and brilliant space-smashers, admirable but nonetheless fearsome superpeople. The non-punctuated curves and moments of quiet are welcome but few. Blazing motion rather than choreographic process guarantees end-of-evening indigestion. □

TELEVISION

William Boyd

Rules of thumb

BY COINCIDENCE, two programmes this week started off new seasons by looking at aspects of the synthesised, computerised end of the popular music business. **The South Bank Show** (LWT) concentrated on Peter Gabriel, erstwhile doyen of public school rock, as he laboriously compiled his fourth LP – sorry – album. It was an intriguing, if somewhat dull film, for the rare glimpse it afforded of Gabriel at work.

We saw Gabriel 'collecting' noises, rambling round a scrap yard with a tape-recorder, blowing down drain pipes, trying to smash a TV set, and then feeding these sounds into his various boxes of tricks which played them back to him in all manner of different ways. Then his band arrived and there were some comparatively straightforward recording sessions before Gabriel and his co-producer re-entwined themselves in the entrails of their computer. Eighteen months and several hundred thousand pounds later the album was released and – by Gabriel standards – was a flop.

Gabriel's intentions are good and commendable but somewhere along the line he seems to have lost his way: become caught up in the means and forgotten the end. **Riverside** (BBC-2) addressed itself to the same phenomenon in an even duller film with interviews of various examples of these modern necromancers interspersed with videos of representative synthesised songs. It seems that these machines are not only fearfully expensive but they can also take several months to programme correctly. We now have a new pop technocracy – masters of musical software – who have replaced the bloated plutocrats of the mid-Seventies, with their stately homes and his-and-her swimming pools. Instead of being distanced by wealth the music-makers now form a cloistered freemasonry of white-suited lab technicians, equally removed from the people the music is designed to serve. However, the point was well made, by Phil Oakey of the Human League – in that distinctive monotone common to all rock musicians – that what it's all about is 'a good song with good tunes. It's always been the same and it always will be'.

Words of wisdom, in this context, and not a bad working maxim. Turning to another popular art form – the television situation comedy – the rule of thumb by which they operate might well be 'good honest vulgarity'. Certainly this was the message being thumped home by a character in Jimmy Perry and David Croft's **Hi-de-Hi!** (BBC-1) with a force that inclined one to think he was being used as a mouthpiece for the authors. If that's the case then they've happily followed their own advice as this first episode of a new series centred on a holiday-camp game where the campers had to guess whose bum belonged to . . . the staff had to stick their bums through a hole and . . . anyway there were a lot of bum jokes.

Hi-de-Hi! is, rumour has it, a success comparable to the other Croft/Perry classics (*Dad's Army, It Ain't Half Hot, Mum*). It doesn't measure up, in my opinion, but one can see that they've followed their normal practice of concentrating on strong *characters* rather than situations. Always a safer option if you're after longevity, the idea being that we don't really care what happens, we just want to see the familiar characters being put through their paces. If the hoots of delighted recognition from the studio audience are anything to go by they've got another winner.

Not that studio audiences are to be trusted. After all they laughed at **The Further Adventures of Lucky Jim** (BBC-2), the latest offering from the pens of two candidates for the sit-com hall of fame, namely Dick Clement and Ian La Frenais. Set in the Sixties, this series concerns the return of Kingsley Amis's hero from a year in Holland (?) keen to sample the delights of 'Swinging London'. Everything is wrong with this show, from the initial idea onward – or downward. There are the moronic studio guffaws, the scenes shot beneath blazing arc lights, the acting mannered in the extreme and the jokes seen coming a mile off. In British comedy – another rule of thumb – a sure sign of flagging inspiration is when jokes are made about place names – of the Bognor Regis, Chipping Sodbury variety. In this episode we got two jokes about Harwich and one about Colchester. Enough said. Kingsley Amis – if he dares watch – must be squirming with embarrassment. The one consolation is that it might send people to the book. Read that instead and really laugh. □

THEATRE

Benedict Nightingale

Slip stitch

Major Barbara
SHAW *Lyttelton*
Hollywood Dreams
MICH BINNS *Latchmere*
Mr Fothergill's Murder
PETER O'DONNELL *Duke of Yorks*

Yeats once dreamt of GBS as a sewing machine that ticked and ticked and smiled and smiled; and, certainly, his work often seems pre-planned enough to have come off a knitting pattern. Shaw's own testimony, however, was that he never quite knew how his plays would develop: which is hard to believe of many, but not, perhaps, of **Major Barbara.** In the early stages its male protagonist, the armaments tycoon Andrew Undershaft, is a positively satanic figure, dedicated to the indiscriminate destruction of bodies and souls, and contemptuous of the standard excuse for his trade, that the nastier war becomes, the sooner it will be abolished. Later on, however, he is justifying the gunpowder business as the means by which unjust regimes may be overthrown, the 'crime' of poverty eradicated, and peace and equity established. His client armies (it

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seems) represent change and hope, while his daughter Barbara's Salvation Army seeks only to spruce up the status quo. 'Dare we make war on war?' asks Undershaft, by now thoroughly transformed from ruthless capitalist into Shavian superman.

It is inconsistent stuff and, in the end, no more persuasive on the political than on the human level. Could the weapons so even-handedly sold by Undershaft and his heir Cusins really lead to a 'revolution of incalculable beneficence', as Shaw's preface appears to suppose? Their likely destination would, surely, always be established tyrannies rather than idealistic radicals. Even if we were ignorant of world history since 1905, when the play was first staged, that would seem obvious enough. Indeed, the prime accusation against both play and preface may be that they introduce us to a figure who was to become uncomfortably familiar in the succeeding decades: Shaw the smirking enemy of constitutional change; Shaw the naive armchair revolutionary, dispensing increasingly bloodthirsty prescriptions from his eyrie in Ayot St Lawrence. When you vote, declares the transfigured Undershaft, you only change the names of the Cabinet; when you shoot, you inaugurate new epochs. And to the lethal chamber (adds the preface) with anyone who wilfully fails to make himself useful to the regenerate state. *Major Barbara* is the play in which Shaw takes his first chirpy steps down a road at whose other end lurk Mussolini and Hitler, Stalin and Pol Pot.

Yet that at least gives it some more or less horrible fascination. It should be seen, enjoyed for the many funny and entertaining things in it, and earnestly scrutinised as an instance of what can happen to a well-intentioned intellect when its guy-ropes become detached from everyday feeling, ordinary humanity. The production at the National, being by Peter Gill, permits precisely that enjoyment and that scrupulous scrutiny. It is clean, clear, fluent, strongly and unfussily acted. Penelope Wilton's Barbara is as bold and passionate as could be, by the end so formidably so that we hardly notice how unimportant the character has become compared to her father. Indeed, the only serious doubt that hit me on the production's second night concerned Brewster Mason's gunpowder king, not because of his authority, which is considerable, but because of his audibility. His natural boom seemed somehow hoarse, giving the impression of an Undershaft cannon in need of a gargle. A little Listerine, and the play will no doubt be restored to its full monstrosity.

Hollywood Dreams frolics amiably if randomly through the history of fun-city, only to end with a pretty disingenuous condemnation of the fantasy-habit. Its sole begetter, the burly Mich Binns, is Arbuckle, Groucho, Dietrich, et al. And **Fothergill** is a children's cartoon character, clearly akin to its plodding, plonking creator, played by Frank Windsor. Both it and he excite murderous thoughts in his wife, giving us a tale that moves rather ponderously to one surprise that doesn't surprise, another surprise that doesn't convince, and, for this critic at least, a giant shrug. □

ART
John Spurling

And so to bed

Arte Italiana 1960-82
Hayward
Contemporary Choice 1979-81
Serpentine

The art history side of **Arte Italiana** is a disaster. If we are ever going to learn to distinguish *Nuova scrittura* from *Arte programmata* and both from *Arte povera*, or *Gruppo T* from *Gruppo N*, it will not be at the Hayward. Five Italian critics and their English translators have conspired to write a catalogue which combines opacity with banality and pretentiousness with bathos to such a degree that even the hardened reader of international art criticism is liable to start banging his head against the exhibits. The catalogue is liberally illustrated, but only intermittently with the works on display, and it's arranged besides under the various movements, so that unless you've managed to sort out what order the movements are placed in and which of the 100 plus artists belongs to which movement you can find the illustration you want only by thumbing through the whole book.

The exhibition, on the other hand, in spite of its size, is one of the least taxing ever housed at the Hayward. This is partly because it is laid out with exceptional elegance and partly because the works themselves are so decorative. The whole thing is like a millionaire's playground – crisp, sparkling, intriguing. There are outsize executive toys, such as Gianni Colombo's 'Entrexit' (a group of arches on a ground of variously sloping planes) or his heaving, rustling wall of polystyrene bricks; Lucio del Pezzo's gleaming red 'Pin-Ball Table' and golden cocktail tray; and Michelangelo Pistoletto's 'Venus of the Rags' (a Greek statue facing into a pile of colourful and impeccably laundered old clothes). There's even a sort of paddling pool on the mezzanine floor, a set of square, shallow trays painted blue and green and filled with water.

Upstairs, Giulio Paolini has set the scene for the ultimate private entertainment, a mass of music stands each supporting a different portrait photograph, while a cast list suggests that Peter O'Toole will appear as Lawrence of Arabia, Jack Palance as Attila, Garbo as Maria Walewska, others as Leonardo, Rimbaud, Victor Emmanuel III, Caligula, Cromwell, Trotsky, Christ, etc. On the Hayward's walls, especially in the section devoted to *Astrazione lirica* and *nuova astrazione*, hang colours and confections to melt the heart of the most rabid anti-abstractionist and the frame of Carlo Battaglia's 'Ultramarine Three' is made of some particularly fragrant wood. Bepi Romagnoni's series of 'Stories' has at first the air of being a bit gritty – you catch glimpses of tangled domestic dramas in claustrophobic and possibly seedy circumstances. But the pictures are not really decipherable and the final impression is that of a Le Carré TV serial: plot and meaning are less important than the cool suavity of the performance.

For us it's hard to use words like 'suavity', 'elegance', 'decorative' without implying a sneer. For Italian contemporary artists it's clearly impossible to make art which does not contain an element of luxury. There is, it's true, something a little dubious about paintings as delicate and hedonistic as Gastone Novelli's, on which are carefully scratched at the bottom in the shaky capitals of a child graffitist such titles as 'Homage to Che', 'The East Shines with Red' or 'Dialectics'. Nearby, Gio Pomodoro's sculptural/architectural piazza called 'Plane of Collective Use: to Gramsci, Ales' is represented by an enticing little shiny black model, though the photograph in the catalogue makes sure of showing a peasant driving his sheep past the real thing. If sneering is to be done, it might be at the expense of double standards of this sort, at radical chic, in other words, rather than straight chic. But there is no hard evidence here of radical chic. These artists are almost entirely concerned with aesthetics, not politics. Their references are to other artists, of the near or distant past, the protests – in so far as they protest at all – are restricted to the world of art and museums.

Piero Manzoni (who died in 1963 at the age of 30) used non-artistic materials such as glass wool and polystyrene, and built a wooden plinth with a pair of footprints on top so that anyone could be his own statue; Ugo Nespolo turns Matisse's 'Red Studio' into a sort of Formica jig-saw puzzle; Mario Merz paints a primitive mountain lion and sprinkles sophisticated blue neon numbers over the top of it; Salvo creates a little St George and the Dragon in the sweet pink, green and blue of a supermarket Veneziano; even the latest wild men of the international cack-handed brigade (represented here by Paladino and Clemente) offer rich, seductive colours and an impeccable sense of design to make up for an obligatory crudeness of their motifs. For the harsh realities of Italian life, as well as its operatic side, one still has to cross the river to the RA – to Caravaggio and the 17th-century Neapolitans.

TWO ITALIANS – Clemente again and Sandro Chia – turn up unexpectedly among mostly British work in the Contemporary Art Society's grand triennial give-away at the Serpentine. Every year two buyers from the CAS committee are sent out to acquire whatever they fancy – within a certain cash limit – from dealers, artists' studios and public exhibitions; every three years the public galleries which belong to the CAS – and contribute modestly to its funds – send their representatives to share out the goodies. So there were basically two groups of us on the prowl at the Serpentine's press view: the critics ambling about in their usual lordly fashion and the gallery people loping intently from room to room like gun dogs after the shot game. This year for the first time each work was attributed to its indi-

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vidual buyer and it must be good news for contemporary Italians that Clemente and Chia were both acquired by the director of the Tate, in his capacity as a CAS buyer. These were small, barely noticeable works. The real shock was to see what Mr Bowness had bought in the way of British sculpture: some tastefully arranged lumps of Cornish slate by Richard Long, Tony Cragg's *Union Jack* (a home-grown combination of Julian Schnabel and Jasper Johns in the form of a flag made out of bits and pieces of red and blue plastic) and Anthony Gormley's *Bed*, composed of waxed slices of Mother's Pride bread, personally bitten by the artist into side-by-side indentations of his own body.

One can only hope that none of these works will end up in the Tate, but the hope is slender, since they have Tate written all over them. Far from taking his gallery by the ears and shaking the rubbish out of it, Mr Bowness seems to be succumbing to its anxiety not to miss any passing gimmick. Such a policy has its publicity value, of course, but its disadvantage is that it brings all contemporary art into disrepute. The CAS has been dedicated since its inception in 1910 to bridging the chasm between contemporary art and the public, and there are many works in this show which, if I were the director of a gallery, I should be only too happy to try to tempt my public with: paintings by Hoyland, Huxley, Hubbard, Riley, Walker and Bruce McLean, sculpture by Kneale and Caro, a screenprint by Caulfield, a drawing by Walker. They are all well-established names, but they make up a formidable middle generation of British artists and provide a yardstick of maturity combined with innovation by which to measure the quality rather than the trendiness of contemporary art. The point is perhaps simply this: whereas the Tate seems inclined to treat art as a series of disposable sensations, the CAS still mainly adheres to the old belief that it ought to be worth keeping and looking at more than once. The irony is that it is the CAS which disposes of its quality goods and the Tate which has to rent warehouses to contain its worn-out disposables. Mind you, if *Bed* does go to the Tate, the Conservation Department will have a field day preserving all that mouldering bread for posterity. □

Among this week's contributors:

D.W. Hamlyn is Professor of Philosophy at Birkbeck College, London, and editor of *Mind*.

Jon Cook lectures at the School of English and American Studies, University of East Anglia. He is the co-author of *Romanticism and Ideology* (Routledge).

The Boilerhouse is, of course, in the V&A Museum and not, as accidentally printed in last week's issue, in the USA.

FILMS
John Coleman

Poetic licence

Angel (AA) *Paris Pullman; Scala*
The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas (AA) *Empire*
Nutcracker (X) *Classic, Oxford Street; Odeons, Kensington, Swiss Cottage and Westbourne Grove*

Making an arresting movie debut as director of his own Ulster 'thriller' script, the 32-year-old Irish novelist Neil Jordan might seem in line for accusations of gross political insensitivity. With real corpses, real grief almost daily displayed on TV, what emotional room can we comfortably allow ourselves to accommodate a death-dealing fiction from a fellow, on his own admission, addicted to the works of Raymond Chandler? **Angel** has already been canvassed as *film noir* and its avenger's plot even compared with that of John Boorman's *Point Blank* (presumably because Jordan is Boorman's protégé). In

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November Arts Guide

MAAS
REGISTER OF ARTISTS AND GROUPS
The Minorities' Arts Advisory Service has just published a register of artists from ethnic minority groups including sections on music, dance, theatre, visual arts, print and film.
This is the only publication of its kind and will be invaluable to anyone interested in the arts in general.
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the fascinating event, qualms can safely be pocketed for the duration: the film is about localised violence within the larger violence of contemporary Northern Ireland, about one man's violence abnormally generated where violence is the norm, and it moves out – from a wisecracking, well-observed Saturday night dance-hall opening – into a kind of dark poetry of pursuit, a landscape of surreal encounters finely anchored by vivid Irish locations. The publicised associations with Chandler and *film noir* tend to do a disservice to Jordan's achievement, which is very much his own. Forced to come up with anything resembling it, one would opt rather for the concussed procedures of the German Wim Wenders; but a Wenders with more vim, less whim.

Danny (played with distraught appeal by Stephen Rea) is a wandering saxophonist, 'the Stan Getz of South Armagh', first discovered at a lively gig in the surburban Dreamland Ballroom, where he briefly befriends a deaf-mute girl: 'she comes with the hall,' says the bouncer on the door, brutally. Afterwards, outside, the brutality starts in earnest. Three masked men gun down the band's manager, who has forked out 'protection' money to IRA collectors, then the angel-faced innocent girl who has strayed towards them, a witness. The ballroom explodes; Danny, hospitalised with shock, is visited by the cops, Mr Bloom and his sidekick; shown albums of rogues, he mutters: 'I saw feet. Have you pictures of feet?' This is one of a few shrewd places where his apparent maunderings lock into fact. His head holds an image of built-up shoes; and chance (which is to figure dream-largely) leads him to an orthopaedic outfitter's – and the wearer, whom Danny follows to his home and kills with his own gun.

Back with the re-assembled band, the red-haired vocalist (excellent Honor Heffernan, in her first film) is singing 'Strange Fruit' and notes a new quality in Danny and his playing – 'There's a spell on you'; their relationship shifts, through some sharp, stylised dialogue – towards bed. Sin? She defines it laconically: 'It's a habit Catholics indulge in.' Meanwhile, Danny has taken care of another of the killers. There is a spell, in a way, on the movie, as encounters on beaches, in a lunatic asylum, at the police mortuary accumulate. Other women drift in and out, one unwittingly to finger the last assassin, another suicidally. And Danny has been granted his peculiar kind of dispensation, been 'placed' quite artfully in the toils of the piece, by that mystery policeman Mr Bloom. After all, murmurs Bloom, you can go places a cop can't; you have, he adds punningly, 'a kind of poetic licence'. Nothing more precisely describes the awful licence to kill Danny ritualistically assumes, down to a twisty final unmasking of the baddies' leader. The film is expertly acted throughout and stunningly photographed by that camera virtuoso Chris Menges.

Summarily: **The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas**, whose largest offer is Dolly Parton's chest, would be the worst little nonsense in London were it not for the Joan Collins ballbreaker **Nutcracker**.

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2744 **Set by B. Mooring**

Sonnets on first looking into Channel Four. By 19 November, if you please.

No 2741 **Set by M. K. Cheeseman**

Verses about contemporary peers.

Report **By Jeff Squiffy**

How we roared at your Lord George-Browns! (Most of them, alas, have been shredded by the libel lawyer.) The most popular peer was undoubtedly Lord Lucan, who also inspired the most Belloc-like verses; apart from Barnes and Warburton, printed below, I liked the closing lines of Gavin Ross's entry:

> The neighbours all around Belgravia
> Deplored such extrovert behaviour,
> Declaring it was most unkind
> While nannies are so hard to find.

Five helpings of wallet-fodder to Ross; ten to the rest. Hon. Mensh to Michael Swan.

> Lord Lucan felt it would be well
> To rid himself of Lady L.,
> So he made plans for her demise,
> But, careless, hasty and unwise,
> He chose to do the deed at night
> And quite forgot to take a light.
> Thus, in the dark and under stress,
> He slew his children's governess
> (Who little merited the blow
> That should have laid her mistress low),
> And, when apprised of what he'd done,
> Lord Lucan felt obliged to run.
> From this peer's errors take this warning:
> Uxoricide should wait till morning.
>
> A. W. BARNES

> Lord Carrington, a Tory gent,
> Was sent for by the government
> And ordered off to play the Lord
> In that appalling place, Abroad.
> The Arabs, who are mostly Sheiks,
> Were overheard to say, 'This makes
> A pleasant change from Diplomats
> With shifty eyes and Bowler Hats',
> And ordered some expensive Toys
> With which to please their younger boys.
> Alas, while having pleasant chat
> About some foreign This or That,
> Some islands quite escaped his mind;
> At which, politely, he resigned.
>
> BILL GREENWELL

> Lord Lucan, even as a boy,
> Was, more than most, a little coy.
> Whenever trouble reared its head
> The lad was overcome with dread
> And, due to this disturbing fright,
> Secured himself well out of sight.
> Mere naughtiness or simple cheek
> Could make him vanish for a week,
> But crimes which really *shook* his peers
> Brought absence lasting several years;
> And once, caught on a pantry raid,
> He disappeared a whole decade!
> In fact, while he remained unfound,
> This habit made him quite renowned.
>
> N. J. WARBURTON

FIRST PERSON

Dilip Hiro

Fads and Faddists

ONCE UPON A TIME California was the Land of Fads and Faddists. Now little Californias are to be found all over the globe; and the field of fads is richer, greener than ever before. But irrespective of the nature of a passing fad or lingering cause, the vehemence of its followers is often inversely proportional to their understanding of it.

To be exposed, uninterruptedly, to the potential joys and benefits of vegetarianism or ecological balance can be a teeth-gritting experience. However, as a professional writer, I have learnt to wear out my teeth in the name of Art and Science.

I remember interviewing, many years ago, Swami Shyam Sunder, a prematurely serene man of 30, in a saffron *dhoti*, sitting cross-legged on a carpet in a high-rise flat facing a stony beach in a posh area of Bombay. What was striking about him was not that he was bald, except for a tuft at the top, and bare-chested – a common practice among swamis – but that he was pinky-grey with deep blue eyes. He also had that special glow on his clean-shaven face which, over the ages, has been the copyright of those who have just been struck by The Truth.

A high priest of the Hare Krishna order (headquarters, New York) the swami had encountered The Truth during his recent tour of villages north of Bombay. There, he told me, he had witnessed 'an ideal society at work and worship', with each family 'tending a cow in its shed'. He had seen 'perfect harmony between man and nature' and 'man and beast'.

Aware of the social and economic tensions that exist (below the surface) in rural India, I demurred that village society lacked 'harmony between man and man'. This did not amuse Swami Shyam Sunder – or rather, Samuel Spearstra, a recent PhD of Oregon University, USA. He admonished me for having cut myself off from India's spiritual roots, and steeped myself in Western materialism and ideas of class conflict. Under the gentle exterior and quiet manner, Shyam Sunder/Samuel Spearstra carried a hardness which is peculiar to fresh converts.

The fact that converts are scattered over a wide range of interests/disinterests – yoga, the future of the whale, vegetarianism, anti-smoking, gurus, muesli-eating, ecology, meditation – makes little difference to the highmindedness with which they inflict their pet practices and theories upon others. As a resident of London during the Swinging Sixties and Undulating Seventies, I have been at the receiving end of many an exhor-

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tation by the Newly Converted.

That I was of Indian origin and knew nothing at all about yoga scandalised my middle-class British friends and acquaintances. I made matters worse by refusing to share the aura of spirituality in which the yoga freaks among them held the practice. If only they had come down from their Cloud 9 and considered yoga as one more way of relaxing mind and body, I would have risen – poised on my red plastic rope – to meet them half way: in the air. But the Spiritual, it seems, are not in the business of Materialist Compromise.

Sometimes it is heart-rending to see a perfectly rational person fall under the influence of an exotic guru and withdraw into an igloo of irrationality. An English girlfriend of mine had once been active with the International Marxist Group. She went off to India and became the disciple of a guru, who planted the ideas into her richly-haired head that it was wrong for a person to have an ego, and that a human being must strive to lead an egoless existence. On her return to London she had a fit when she saw me described in a newspaper as 'a well-known journalist and author'. She announced that I was suffering from an incurable degree of egotism, and that my case was hopeless. Underneath her dramatic swing from Marxism to Mysticism, she displayed a consistency which glared at me. Her present striving for 'an egoless existence' was as superficial as her grasp of Marxism had been.

There was a time when ecologists were riding high – on cycles. Among their ranks was a (careless) friend of mine. He would choke with anger as he decried cars, the bane of our times. In his enthusiasm to bring back non-polluted air, he overlooked a basic fact of life. Production and running of cars and lorries is central to the economies of Western nations. Any drastic reduction in this activity would play havoc with the economic order as we know it. It was no use trying to tell him this.

I have found that tackling a zealot head-on is counterproductive. The best tactic lies in diverting his/her newly acquired passion. Such an approach helped me deal successfully with an actor-friend of mine who suddenly went vegetarian. Every time I met him he delivered lectures on how the meats of slaughtered animals introduced toxins into our bodies, and how humans were contracting cancers by eating meats with cancerous cells in them. I would nod in agreement, and wonder aloud if eggs contained cancerous cells. That would soften his critical tone: he was addicted to eggs.

I would then raise the question, with the gravity of a Socrates, whether or not eggs deserved at all to be included in a vegetarian diet. He would insist that they did. I would remind him that Mahatma (M.K.) Gandhi had held a different view, and that he had survived his years in London on nothing stronger than spinach, bread and jam. That would leave my actor-friend speechless.

Vegetarianism was only one of the many fads of Mahatma Gandhi. Just as my encounter with Swami Shyam Sunder in Bombay is indelibly branded in my memory, so is the sight of Mahatma Gandhi standing next to a goat in the lobby of (London's) Claridge's in the early 1930s. Claridge's management had dragged in the horned creature in order to satisfy one of the Mahatma's culinary fads: he would drink only goat's milk. The Mahatma was certainly the best known faddist of my childhood. I didn't like him. □

Dilp Hiro is a contributor to Pieces of Hate, *published by Hodder & Stoughton, £4.95.*

Salamanca 61

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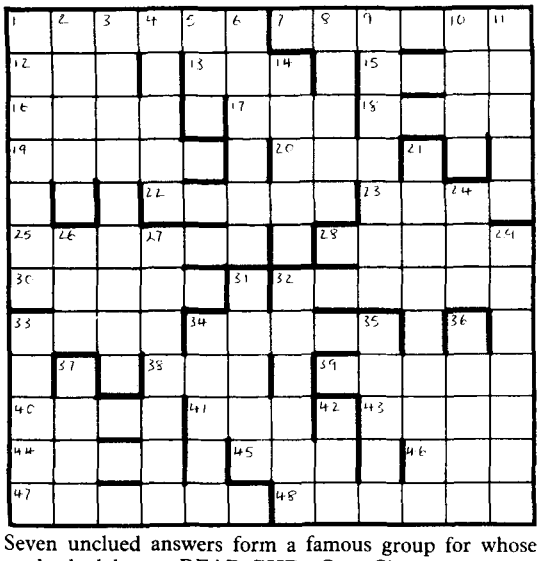

Seven unclued answers form a famous group for whose unchecked letters READ PHD. C – Circe: answers to normal clues anagram before entry. L – Lethe: a definitive clue with a consecutive jumble of letters of the answer forgotten and gap closed (e.g. 'Wired, so rested' – answer SAT; wAS Tired). A – Amphisbaena: two clues joined but not overlapping to two answers, either coming first. S – Sphinx: a riddle which requires a punning answer. I – Iris: pure clues and answers.

Name_____

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ACROSS

S1 & 34D The cause of many an itch aboard the Argo? (6, 5)

S7 & 47 The death carriage of many a Greek? (6, 6)

A12, 46 Grace's secondary part (as nursemaid), getting money in form of precious metal (3) (3)

C15 'Killers' having it in for Cadmus (4)

I16 Once deny Erinys is gone, perhaps (4)

A17, 41 Nearly nighttime valley you'll find Ariadne's in (3) (3)

L18 In Bacchic orgy man (yarn ebriated) shouts this (4)

I19 One time when dashing fellow's found round about – like this? (5)

A20, 38 'As this Goddess great age, depicted by wing and mass of wood? (3) (3)

L22 Where milk goes, sect from cow (5)

C23 Mend middle strip in tub (4)

A25, 32 Consent to bear expense (one's bad in arranging one's business) (6) (6)

S28 & 37 Athenian who wouldn't hang about? (5, 4)

L30 End of lass – got round neck (5)

C33 Roman city on borders of Upper Bilbilis (4)

I34 Forward Scots that ploughed trench on Thursday (5)

S39 Where laboured the novice Hercules? (5)

L40 Scots lo'e wearing this gear (4)

C43 Light? Quite true (4)

C44 Bewilderment shown by Mazda and Zeus on meeting (4)

L45 Like Cancer, greatly and painfully (3)

DOWN

S1 & 13 Which Alexander found it difficult to cut his way out of? (7, 3)

I3 Like glass that could be made of film or net (9)

A5, 42 Resort – you'll get power bathing in it being in need of energy and not strong initially? (3) (3)

C8 Dear heart of one in Troy, perhaps (5)

L10 Once his dart's struck does one feel lovely? (4)

C14 Tries after failing – this is needed? (5)

A24, 26 Small chap to commit theft having drunk eight gallons of Scotch once (3) (3)

C27 They play records or cassettes faithfully and cat's sent? (7)

S31 &48 Which throws some light on a cow's innards? (5, 6)

I32 Wrath most delightful, like Peace Goddess's (6)

I33 Black fish up? This coin wouldn't have sufficed? (5)

S35 This Greek bird a beautiful scientist? (5)

C36 Lavinia's reared some like the snow-plant (5)

Solution to Salamanca 60

Prizewinners to Salamanca 60

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MALE, 22, seeks female 18-28, Birmingham area, who would like to find the end of the rainbow. Box 5039.

MUSICAL MALE, 39, wide interests, seeks congenial female companion. Sex maniac preferred! Box 5026.

PIANO TUNER, reliable, North London only unless repairs needed. Denys Parsons MSc, 01-340 4695.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, retired, single, seeks well-educated companion, m/f., sense of humour, for winter sun holiday abroad. Share expenses. Box 5021.

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WARM, ATTRACTIVE female, young 46, seeks unattached, educated, humorous man, roughly same age, for happy relationship. Oxford area. Box 5037.

WARM, ATTRACTIVE, humorous man sought by similar woman (43), single parent, artist, for caring, friendly relationship, near London. Box 5054.

WRITE FOR Money - with Wordsmith, the new writer's newsletter. Details: Wordsmith, Dept W1, 151 Harefields, Oxford.

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LISTINGS

Social/Cultural
Radical/Arts
Political

5-13 Nov

SEND DETAILS to: NS FREE LISTINGS at least 7 days in advance

FRI 5 NOV

LEICESTER. Poetry Reading inc. Michele Roberts. 7.30 p.m. Blackthorn Books, High St.

LONDON WC1. Until tomorrow. Fifth Socialist Book Fair. Complete display of socialist, radical and trade union literature. (Details of stands, etc. Tel: Bookmarks 01-802 6145.) Camden Town Hall, Bidborough Street.

SHEFFIELD. Until 9 Nov. History Workshop 16. Subjects inc. Sexual Politics, the State, Peace Movements, People's History. Speakers – Raphael Samuel, Sheila Rowbotham, Royden Harrison, Anna Davin. Sheffield City Poly, Pond St. site. **0742 615388.**

SAT 6 NOV

DUDLEY. March and rally against the cuts in Dudley. Assemble Priory Park, 11.30 a.m. March through Dudley rally 1 p.m. Organised by NUT.

EDINBURGH. 'Red Day' Scottish Organisation of Labour Students Day School, with Robin Cook M.P. and George Galloway. Edinburgh University Societies Centre. £2 registration. **041-332 0589.**

LONDON SE14. From 2-6 p.m. Human Rights and Contemporary Society. University of London. Dept of Extra Mural Studies. Saturday school to examine the philosophical and institutional framework in the continuing debate about human rights.

CROYDON. Warehouse. Pom Pom Puppets present 'The African Fable' and 'The Chinese Fable'. For everyone over 4. **Tel: 01-680 4060.**

LONDON N1. 'Signposts to World Harmony'. *Symposium on the spiritual basis for social action.* 3 speakers. Organised by the Theosophical Order of Service, 50 Gloucester Place W1. 11.30-5.30. Tree. **Tel: 01-935 9261.**

NEWCASTLE. Labour Solidarity Campaign. Rt Hon. John Smith M.P., Jeremy Beecham leader Newcastle City Council, at Newcastle Civic Centre, 10.30 a.m. **Tel: 01-219 3430.**

EDINBURGH. Christian CND Dayschool on 'Peacemaking, what we can do'. 10am. £2 (£1 u/w). The Cornerstone, West End.

BIRMINGHAM. Weekend of Cuban Cinema. Tel: **021-359 2403/7682.** Birmingham Arts Lab., Holt Street, B7.

LONDON SW1. 'Stop Sizewell B' Rally and conference. Speakers – David Ennals MP, Arthur Scargill, Ken Cameron, Colin Sweet, Dr Don Arnott. 11 a.m.-4 p.m. Central Hall, Westminster. **0742-754691.**

MANCHESTER 20. The Peace Movement in 1982–Alternative Production. 10 a.m. £2 (50p u/w). Withington Adult Educ. Centre, Mauldeth Rd. **061-861 9205.**

SUN 7 NOV

LEICESTER. Questions and discussion. The 'Fram' Abandoned with Dr. Michael Goulder, 6.30 p.m. Secular Hall, Humberstone Gate. **Tel: Leicester 22250.**

LONDON E8. 'No to the Constitution in Turkey'. Rally with speakers E. Roberts M.P., Alf Lomas M.E.P., etc. Followed by film, Yilmaz Guney's 'The Enemy'. Organised by Committee for the Defence of Democratic Rights in Turkey. Rally 3 p.m. Film £2. Rio Cinema, Kingsland High Street. **Tel: 01-226 2668.**

LONDON WC1. South Place Ethical Society Conway Hall. 11 a.m. Library lecture 'Science and the Roots of Value'. **Tel: 01-242 8032.**

LONDON SE1. Student CND/NUS 'Life or Death' Congress, County Hall, 10 a.m. £1.

LONDON N22. Cast Variety at Brabant Road, 8 p.m. Centre. £1.50, £1 unwaged/NUS. **Tel: 01-487 3440.**

CROYDON. Randolph the Remarkable – feats of skill. Warehouse, Dingwall Road, 7.30 p.m. **Tel: 01-680 4060.**

MON 8 NOV

NORWICH. Exhibition 'Cruise and Pershing? Nein Danke! No thanks!' Recent developments in German Peace Movement. 8.30 a.m.-5 p.m. weekdays. Norwich City Hall foyer.

CROYDON. Warehouse. 'Terminal Summer' by Andy Smith. 7.30 p.m. **Tel: 01-680 4060.**

TUES 9 NOV

LONDON N6. Classics for Peace. Bach, Poulenc, Strauss, etc. 8 p.m. Lauderdale House, Waterlow Park. Tickets £1.50, £1 concessions. **Tel: 01-348 8716.**

LONDON SE15. 'The Breast or the Bottle' film and public meeting, 8 p.m. The Copleston Centre, Copleston Road. **01-732 1659.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

WED 10 NOV

CAMBRIDGE. Radical Film Society presents 'Modern Times', 7 p.m. Cambridge College of Arts and Technology, Collier Road. **Tel: Cambridge 60460.**

LONDON NW1. Trade Union Study Tour of 1983. 7.30 p.m. ASTMS Head Office, 79 Camden Road. 'China: Industry and Trade Unions Today' Speaker: Clive Jenkins. **01-267 9841.**

LONDON WC1. Bernard Crick lectures – Orwell's 1984: Satire or Prophecy. Birkbeck College Theatre, Malet Street, 1 p.m. All welcome.

LONDON W5. Public lecture 'Dutch Penal Policy and its implications for the UK' by Dr. David Downes, 6 p.m. Lecture Theatre 1, Ealing College of Higher Education.

LONDON N6. Stop the Archway Motorway – public meeting organised by Archway Improvement Association, plus film 'Could your Street be next?' Jackson's Lane Community Centre, 7.30 p.m. **Tel: 01-272 9038.**

THURS 11 NOV

LONDON EC1. Peasants and Farmworkers; a Social History. Thursday evenings. Contact. H. Klein, City University, Northampton Square. **Tel: 01-253 4399.**

BLACKBURN. Public meeting 'Arms and the Economy'. Trades Council Club, St Peter Street, Blackburn, 7.30 p.m. **Tel: (0254) 772029.**

LONDON E9. Benefit in aid of East London Troops Out Movement. Chat's Palace. Tickets £2 and £1 with UB40. 8 p.m.

LONDON N1. Did London distort Marx? SPGB debate, 8 p.m. Islington Central Library. Admission free.

FRI 12 NOV

LONDON. Conway Hall. Gay Humanist group meeting. Library, Conway Hall. 'Sex reason and emotion'. All welcome.

SAT 13 NOV

LONDON E1. Seminar on peoples health care policy in Bangladesh, 2.30 p.m. John Ellis Lecture Theatre, London Hospital.

LONDON. Royal Albert Hall, Kensington Gore, 1.30-2.30. Vigils opp. Remembrance festivals also, 5.30-7.15 p.m.

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Theatres

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ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY
'HENRY IV' PT 1 6 Nov. (m) 11. 'HENRY IV' PT 11 5, 6 Nov. 'THE WINTER'S TALE' 8-10 Nov. THE PIT 'OUR FRIENDS IN THE NORTH' by Peter Flannery 5-6, 11 Nov. 'THE TWIN RIVALS' by Farquhar 8-10 Nov.

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NATIONAL THEATRE. 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'Denton's Death', 'Schweyk in the Second World War', 'Guys and Dolls', 'Hiawatha'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'Way Upstream', 'The Importance of Being Earnest'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'The Beggar's Opera', 'The Spanish Tragedy', 'Other Places'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

THEATRE GOERS please note: cc – Credit cards S-Student standby.

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6, 9, 11 and 13 Nov. **Hercules**
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Conferences

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27 Nov. 10.30-5.30
28 Nov. 10.30-1.00
Manchester Business School
Grand debate – speakers from France, W. Germany (the Greens) & UK. 18 sessions incl. Defence - Regions - New Tech - Engineering - Media - Health - Energy
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061-226 6877

Meetings

PROFESSOR RICHARD Markovits will lecture on Economic Analysis and Legal Analysis – the case for tort law. Wed. 10 Nov. 5 p.m. The Boardroom, LSE. Adm. free without ticket.

FREEZE CAMPAIGN

Public meeting in support of a freeze by all Nuclear Weapon States on the testing, production and deployment of nuclear weapons.
11 November, 7.30pm
Central Hall, Westminster
Speakers: *Dame Judith Hart MP, Professor Igor Usachev, USSR, Admiral Gene Carroll, USA (provisional)*
Further details:
UN Association, 3 Whitehall Court, London SW1

PUBLIC MEETING
To relaunch the new and improved END Bulletin

ONE EUROPE

Beyond the Cold War

Thursday 2 December 1982
7.30pm

Friends Meeting House,
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Speakers invited
Jonathan Dimbleby,
Mary Kaldor, E P Thompson,
Jan Minkiewicz (Solidarity in exile), Petra Kelly

END
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ICA EVENTS, THE MALL, SW1: 01-930 3647. ICA: NY Sat. 6 Nov. THE LATE LATE SHOW with STUART MORGAN cancelled due to illness. Sat. 13 Nov. 11.30-5.30 NEW YORK WRITES with ELIZABETH HARDWICK, GRACE PALEY & SUSAN SONTAG leading NY writers discuss literary and intellectual life of New York £3.50 bookable.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sunday 7 Nov. 8 p.m. Cyclic Rhythms in Nature. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

Courses

SCHOOL OF HYPNOSIS enrolling for Spring Term (weekends) London. Tel. 01-226 6963.

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'THE JEWS of Russia – past, present, future' – a day seminar, Sunday 7 November 1982, 11 a.m.-4 p.m. Buffet lunch. Childhood with Stalin; A Russian-Jewish Poet speaks; A Kabbalist Sage in Exile; My years in a Siberian labour camp, etc. Admission £3, students £1. Lubavitch House, 107-115 Stamford Hill, London N16. 01-800 0022. Ticket applications by post or phone.

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